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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

HIGH SILVER

ANTHONY RICHARDSON

A Novel in Six Instalments — I

There is only one thing worse than Injustice and that is Justice without her sword in her hand.

AT this moment there were but two sounds in the room, the steady ticking of a brass traveling clock on the mantelpiece and the scratching of a pen. Beyond the room the great house was very silent. Lunch had been cleared away from the dining-room; the drawing-room dozed, even Tristram's bedroom was bereft of Aunt Erica's bustling and tidying and all the pother necessitated by his eleven year old untidiness. Emily nodded over a newspaper by the kitchen fire. Brinton was well away from the house being busy with harness in his little cubby-hole opposite the stables. Aunt Erica was progressing rapidly toward Little Appleton, walking in that queer half run which often made Tristram wonder if she was attempting, from the hour she rose till the time she came up and tucked him in for the night, to catch up minutes lost on some vague purpose at some vaguer epoch.

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In the lull of the afternoon's first phase the house on the hill nearly slept. All things that must be done had been done. Aunt Erica and Emily had seen to that with a deal of cheerful quarreling and argument: since cream was a luxury, wouldn't the cut-rounds be just as nice with a blob of cream on the jam instead of a blob of jam on the cream? "Don't you think, Emily? There'll be Mr. and Mrs. Lauderdale, and Mr. Bond — poor man! I'm sure he never gets enough of the little luxuries! The Colonel won't touch them though; and Master Tristram has such an appetite for tea. Don't you think, Emily?" Now the cut-rounds were all ready, arranged on a dish in the pantry. Tristram's suit, the blue one that went with the gray stockings, had been pressed. The chintz flounces in the drawing-room had been jerked into the correct angles; stair-rods had been polished; a touch or two of that nice quick-drying varnish stain had been applied to worn patches in the skirtings. Only the Colonel's saccharin had been forgotten. Before such inexcusable neglect should call forth the little whippings of his tongue, Erica Rivington had, at the conclusion of lunch, bundled upstairs, seized a hat, and with stealth slipped from the house, because there was just time to do the mile and a half into Little Appleton before everyone arrived. Something told her just as plainly as outspoken words that *he* knew why she was going to Little Appleton and that *he* knew all about the saccharin and that she was a fool, which she readily admitted for herself. Therefore she had made her way very quickly, speeding out of range of the stabbings of his hateful gray eyes, the glint of his monocle, and the cruelly amused pursing of his thin fine lips.

Back in the study of the great house the clock ticked drowsily along, the nib of the pen scratched and scratched, filling line by line the gray note paper with delicate spidery writing, because it was the third Friday of the month, when Stuart Rivington wrote to India those long letters to his friends, — "Ethel" Roxborough, Scaife, and Sir Hubert Bath who'd known him so well such a long time ago. Nobody ever knew what he wrote, though Erica Rivington had once by accident happened to find a half-finished page on his desk. She'd not meant to read, but when her inordinate curiosity had overcome her, she had run from that sinister room with cheeks burning.

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Yet that sultry afternoon he found himself from time to time wandering mentally; he'd have to get his letters done to be sure, but how the devil could he concentrate when Erica had been fool enough to have these impossible people to tea on the very day sacred to this monthly ritual? Moreover, Frank Lauderdale was an outsider and if the money had to be obtained it was devilish embarrassing to call for assistance from that quarter. As for the boy, pack him off at once to Eton, that's what he'd do. Though they told him nowadays eleven was too young to send a boy to public school. Too young! These preparatory schools and all this new fandangle were typical of an age softening with the luxuries and power given by the efforts of fellows like Scaife and Bath and "Ethel" Roxborough.

He signed his name neatly at the bottom of a page and beneath it added the date: 15 September, 1910.

It was very hot for the time of year and he jerked his arms forward to ease the cuffs around his wrists. The clock on the mantelpiece chimed three. He placed his pen carefully in the silver tray on his desk, rose, and stood with his back before the empty grate. He was a very tall man and yet with all his height he did not appear thin or angular. No tailor had ever tampered with the shoulders of Stuart Rivington's coat or played cunning tricks with horse-hair and buckram any more than Erica Rivington ever dared to argue with him or plead her loneliness for some word not tinged with sarcasm and mockery.

He'd written to Scaife and there still remained Roxborough and Bath. He'd have to leave 'em out this month if he couldn't get his mind clearer than this. He didn't want those fools here this afternoon for tea. If there wasn't any money there just wasn't. Pack the boy off to some sound place like Blundell's — wasn't it? — or Hurstpierpoint. That'd keep him out of mischief for a year or so and give him an education. It ought to be Eton, of course. All his people had been to Eton. Still what was the good of all this argument and fuss when there wasn't any money? At least not enough for that. Get him to school though, that was the thing. Make a man of him. Get him away from these women. Get him away from Erica. . . .

Thought of his eldest daughter made him frown. She and her pet curate! If only Constance had lived — and behaved herself!

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Tchk! Tchk! Scaife, and "Ethel" Roxborough, young Bath, and himself in 1867. And he hadn't seen any of them for twelve years or more. They were too busy in India. Pity he'd ever come back leaving the only three people who cared for him for what might prove always. It was devilish lonely here, only writing to them once a month, and Erica was a bore and Tristram was a rabbit and the people round about — Good God! The people round about!

He crossed the room and opened the top drawer of a mahogany tobacco-cabinet, took out a small bottle, shook it, unscrewed the tin cap and peered inside. He'd thought as much. There wasn't any saccharin left. He replaced the bottle and shut the cabinet. So that was why Erica had rushed out after lunch, was it? Gone floundering up in this heat to Little Appleton to get the bottle she'd forgotten. . . .

The house on the hill had sheltered them for nine years. To Stuart Rivington at sixty-seven it was a place of exile; to Erica, now forty-one, a prison; and to Tristram, a fantastic dream house peopled with the creations of his imagination, a ghostly romantic house set in the midst of a fey romantic country. Constance Rivington, Stuart's youngest daughter, had died ten years ago. Constance he had loved, and Constance had cheated him, running off with that mad scamp Lauderdale. Wit and pleasure he had loved, and now in the house on the hill there was neither pleasure nor wit; his friends he had honored, and now all were gone except Scaife and Roxborough and Bath. Even those three were far away: only by the courtesy and efficiency of a Mail Service could he exchange ideas with them, and that but once a month. In short life was a fake, but it didn't matter because nothing mattered.

Tristram he resented because Bruce Lauderdale had been his father and because the boy had something of Constance's shy charm and lovable mannerisms, a perpetual reminder of the one best thing that was no more. Erica was too utterly and exasperatingly feminine. She did her duty too scrupulously, too fussily. Besides, she was scared of him. He hated terror in any of its forms because he was immoderately brave himself. He had been a good soldier, but his very real intelligence, his pride, and aptitude for seeing that the solution to all profundities was possibly an

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equation in which *x* equaled nought, prevented him from rising to a higher command than that of a battalion. Now slowly and surely the only real thing in his life was becoming this monthly ritual of writing to Scaife and Roxborough and Bath.

But the time had come when Tristram was to be sent to school. The Colonel could not deny the necessity of that.

"Well, where's the money coming from?" he'd asked Erica.

"There's Frank and Edna," she'd replied timorously, and then as he said nothing, had taken heart, continuing, "I'm sure Frank would do something." Frank was Bruce's elder brother, a shrewd and capable man of business, whose name in the house on the hill was flame to the fuse of Stuart Rivington's scorn.

"I'm sure, father, Frank would do something."

"*Frank!*"

"Yes, father. He was very fond of Bruce, and of poor dear Connie. Don't you think, father?"

"I'll be damned if *I* ask him!" the Colonel had snapped.

And to Erica Rivington's everlasting credit she had for once stood her ground, trembling and agitated, but fighting for what she knew to be right, fighting for Tristram who was Connie's baby, saying, "I'm sure Frank would consider it, father. I'm sure we ought to *ask* him to consider it. I'm quite, quite sure."

Stuart Rivington had examined the palm of his left hand, a smile flickering on his lips. She'd seen that, had Erica, and she knew what it meant. It was a danger signal. He never lost his temper in an undignified way. He'd just sit and look at the palm of his big white hand, thinking out some devilish quip to hurt her most damnably.

"It's the only thing to do, father."

He'd said then, "I suppose, my dear Erica, you consider Tristram as almost your own child?"

His voice had been very smooth and silky, but she knew what he meant. Why haven't you got children? he was asking. Why aren't you married? Playing second fiddle, eh, Erica? Tchk! Tchk!

But she stood up, her pleasant face stained with her righteous indignation, suppressing the retort to the insult, very hot with shame for him.

"He's your grandson, father. Even if poor Connie did behave

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foolishly there's no reason why Tristram shouldn't have his chance. You *must* ask Frank, father."

Could she have known it he was surprised and pleased at her pluck. He felt more kindly toward her than he had done for years. But he must play his game of cat and mouse a little longer.

"There's only one virtue in this world, Erica, and that's strength. It's you kind people who do all the harm. For every man that makes unhappiness because he's ruthless, there are fifty fools who make far greater unhappiness by what they consider kindness. I've no use for weak kindness. The boy's of rotten stock. The Lauderdales are cheap and nasty."

"But he was Connie's as well as Bruce's."

"And Connie proved herself a fool; though —" he examined his hand again — "though I don't doubt you did your best for her."

That was an old taunt. The jibe had lost its sting through too frequent use down the years, and because she knew that it wasn't true. When he'd said it the first time, hadn't she cried aloud repeatedly in the privacy of her room, moaning through her tears, "But I loved her. I loved her. I only wanted to make her happy."

And now how right he was. She had tried to make Connie happy, and Connie was dead and Bruce was dead. "It's you kind people who do all the harm." Cruel and bitter but true, so dreadfully true.

Then suddenly Stuart Rivington had capitulated.

"Very well," he'd said. "Tell Frank and Edna to come down. We'll see."

Erica arrived back from Little Appleton just as her father had struggled through his letter to Bath. She entered the house cautiously, tip-toeing almost across the hall and then upstairs. At the top of the landing she waited for a moment in case the door below should open and he should call up. There came no sound but that of Emily now moving about in the kitchen, the subdued clatter of pots and pans, shuffling footsteps. By now Brinton would be half way down Deepy Lane in the dog-cart. She would have quite forty minutes to change and see that everything was ready. She removed her straw hat, a floundering widely misshapen thing, and began to let down her hair. The sunlight beat against the window-panes and she drew the curtains, pausing for a moment to gaze

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down the wide and splendid valley beneath. From this point of the house Dartmoor could be seen on rainy days, when the terraces of the hills beyond the Taw valley were purple with the promise of drizzle; now a haze washed out the outlines of the distant ridges, while the fields were brilliant in the sun. Trees cast deep distinct shadows, and over the huddle of autumnal-tinted tree-tops of Little Silver Wood, the Taw flashed a silver signal of its presence.

She combed her hair, skilfully tucking in with a twist of the comb the little streaks of gray at her temples, recoiled the bun at the back, and stabbed the whole secure with hairpins. She enveloped herself in a costume sacred to smart occasions, a splendid affair with an air of China about it. Indeed the greater part of this afternoon dress had originally come from there, sent her by Major Scaife after the Boxer Rising, as propitiation for a farewell party with her father which had ended in what she could only term a debauch. She detested Major Scaife but she had accepted the Chinese sur-coat and now it was highly prized. She changed her shoes and looked at herself in the mirror. The gold braid and beading, the touch of color on the coat always pleased her. She hoped she looked her best. Mr. Bond was coming and it was as well to keep up appearances. Besides there was Edna, Frank's wife from London. Her father always insisted that Edna was the saving grace of the Lauderdale branch of the family: that she was all women ought to be, very smart and neat. Of course Edna was very pretty and had a sweet figure, if a treacherous tongue; but she herself liked a little more color.

She smoothed down the front of her dress, took a handkerchief from a top drawer, and the saccharin bottle from her purse, and went downstairs.

She tapped at the study door, waited for his "Yes?" and entered.

The old man glanced over his shoulder at her, then screwed around in his chair and examined her with his head on one side. His monocle glinted a disc of light.

"You've been a long time changing," he said, still staring. "Ever since lunch, eh?"

"I was very busy," she parried. "I hope you've been nice and quiet, father, so you could write."

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He folded a letter before him, slipped it into an envelope before he replied, then ignored her question and asked suddenly, "Scaife gave you that Chinese thing, didn't he?"

"Yes. It was nice of him."

His eyes traveled all over that monstrous garment.

"H'm!" He scratched his ear delicately.

"Poor Scaife!" he said, and took the letter out of its envelope, unfolded it, wrote a postscript, replaced the paper and wetting a forefinger ran it over the gum of the flap and fastened it down.

"I've sent your love to Scaife via Sir Hubert." He smiled kindly, the tip of his tongue at the corner of his mouth.

"Well, everything ready for our guests?"

"Oh yes, father. They ought to be here soon."

She moved to the side of the room near the tobacco-cabinet. The new bottle of saccharin was snug in the handkerchief in her hand . . . why didn't he go outside to the pillar box and post his letters? She glanced anxiously at his desk. They'd be here soon. To put her father on edge when Frank and Edna were coming, and considering the difficulties she'd had to engineer that visit, was exceedingly rash.

"Where's the boy?" he asked abruptly.

"Isn't he about the place?"

"Well, if he was *I* should be the last to know of it. It's painful for me to think sometimes how that child avoids me. You'd better find him," he added. He stroked his lips with the back of two fingers to hide the smile dawning there. The cap of the saccharin bottle was visible between her fingers.

She moved uneasily. He was being very sly. If he should fly into one of his tempers at the last minute! This visit wasn't going to be easy anyway. The atmosphere would be very strained, and Edna with her complete self-confidence always made her feel *gauche*. If only —

He got up, and crossed to her, and patted her on the shoulder.

"It was nice of you to think of the saccharin, my dear," he said, and was gone from the room.

She hardly realized the import of his words, till his footsteps had died away outside. Then she snatched open the drawer of the cabinet and ridded herself of that burning bottle. Her mind was a complete blank save for one thing, — that inevitably with

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that horrible instinct of his, savoring of magic, he had proved her a fool once more. She felt very upset. If it wasn't father, she thought, it might be Satan.

The front door bell clanged merrily.

The house on the hill known as High Silver stood in ninety acres of its own land, which was rented from Stuart Rivington by a neighboring farmer. There were two coverts, — Little Silver Wood on the slope of the hill, and Libsters which topped an intervening ridge. All the fields, too, had names. Tristram knew them all as friends. Quarry Field was straightforward and with the deep sides of the Quarry itself, an adventurous gay land which Tristram was quite certain would have pleased Allan Quartermaine. The Old Moor and the New Moor were untidy and a little insignificant. But Libsters was championland of all lands faery. In Little Silver Wood it was permissible indeed to clatter your way through, cracking the trunks with a stick, even singing; but Libsters you approached with silence. The trees were larch, lofty and full of grace, planted in line, their tops touching, the moss deep and thick covering the half-exposed roots. In later years, when Libsters was no more, when the hopes born there had grown to reality or withered in disillusion, Tristram could still remember this September afternoon when the glory of the shrine was more concrete than ever it had been before: when he had trudged across the Old Moor careless of the blue suit that went with the gray stockings, climbed the rocky path and entered into the sea-green solemn depths of the wood to say good-bye.

That was why he sat now, his arms around his knees, his back against a tree, nearly in despair, — hoping against hope that the old order might not change after all. By now Uncle Frank and Aunt Edna would have arrived at High Silver. Grandfather and Aunt Erica would be greeting them. And the reason for that visit? To send him to school, to pack him off to a noisy place crowded with strangers. After all, perhaps it wouldn't be so bad, it was only the idea of starting out that was a little terrifying. Starting out! His dejection evaporated, leaving in its place a tingling of excitement. Perhaps even people like Columbus and Allan Quartermaine, Richard Coeur de Lion and Lancelot, had all suffered qualms ere the adventure had begun. He was eleven

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years old and Brinton said the muscles in his arm were decently big. And the muscles in his calves showed quite distinctly. Then, too, by dint of hard practise he could now lie flat on his back and, keeping his feet together and his legs firm, raise his heels the requisite two inches off the ground, holding the position for a second or two. That developed tummy-muscles, and people could hit you quite hard in the stomach and you were sort of armor plated, — Tristram chose a suitable place between two trees and performed the exercises twice. He rose panting a little, his fair hair ruffled and his cheeks crimson. The drive of blood to his head had set him thinking rapidly. Nowadays armor and weapons were not worn. Yet he was even now on the threshold of adventure. Very soon he would be on his own. Might not these growing muscles, his sparrings with Brinton, his knowledge of woodcraft be the gifts of God, more suitable than armor and helmet and sword? There were two pictures in his bedroom at home, — his two greatest treasures. Both of knights: one, a new young knight keeping vigil before the final gift of his knighthood on the morrow; and the other, a figure girt in full armor but for the helm, his lance steely and striking high, his sword close to the flank of his great white horse. The face of the young man, turning from the sunlight into the shadow, was serene and calm.

They must have felt as he did now — beginning! And he was in Libsters, in sanctuary. The trees were pillars of a great cathedral; the silence was the silence of holiness. The very light was subdued in its passage from lofty ceiling of twig and branch, as light falls through a colored window. Tristram waited a minute, listening in case anyone might be entering the wood and disturb the ritual he now intended to perform. He ought to be getting back to High Silver. He would be late, but it wouldn't matter. When he told them what he'd been doing they'd excuse him. Even Grandfather might understand on this occasion, because Grandfather too had been a soldier and had fought in battles. The wood was very still. Distantly came the rumble of clip-clop of a horse and cart on the road half a mile away: a broken limb of a tree creaked gently. Now, before the first adventure should begin, before the final irretrievable details were arranged he, too, would keep short vigil, preparing himself for what might come, telling the bright company above the trees that he too would

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honor the Word and prove faithful to the Name, reacting the order of such things as the old long dead had done before they left the shelter of close walls to set out upon the journey over the hills. Fantasy that had been chief playmate took control.

With eyes screwed tight, hands clasped before him, the boy knelt upon the moss.

Tristram returned by way of the Old Moor and Quarry Field. He had some idea of the time because the sun was as yet a hand's breadth beneath the firs of Barn Park. It must be nearly five o'clock. With his departure from Libsters, step by step, something of his assurance had left him. Now trudging over the wide confines of Barn Park he could not but wonder if after all he had not been unwise in acting so precipitously on an impulse at an hour when his presence would surely be missed and be queried. But he tried to dismiss that thought as unworthy of the event in which he had so lately indulged. He climbed the gate at the far end of the Park and made his way down the yard to the stables. Brinton was filling a bucket from the tap in the wall by the open loose-box door. He was a short, sandy-haired man with a hint of the Army about him. He glanced over his shoulder at Tristram and grinned.

"Bit of a shindy, sir," he said. "They've been searching everywhere for you." He produced a comb from his waistcoat pocket. "You'd better just use the glass in the harness-room, Master Tristram."

"Oh, thank you, Brinton."

The harness-room was dark and he had to climb on a chair to see himself. It took half a minute to do his hair and straighten the knitted blue tie, but he did not emerge for thrice that time. Now that he was but a score of yards from High Silver's drawing-room, panic overtook him. The harness-room was warm and shadowy. It would be like leaving one's bed to take a too sudden cold bath when he crossed the threshold of the house. He was in a state of emotional high tension. Punishment awaited him, and yet the thing for which he would be punished was so infinitely more important than anything he'd ever done. He ought not to be afraid considering the pact he had made. And yet fear was there. He felt certain that if he could explain the reason of his absence, the latter

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would be condoned. Yet how could he do this when with the same certainty he realized that the nature of his act would be misunderstood? Since silence could give no solution, speech must take the risk. At any rate he'd tell the truth. Already within one afternoon the duty he had set himself was becoming concrete and distressingly actual.

He ran from the harness-room and made for the side door of High Silver.

Frank Lauderdale stood in the bow-window, smoking a cigarette. Tristram entering the room noticed before anything else the bow of his legs and the slight hunch of his uncle's shoulders. The room was full of chatter. His two aunts sat side by side on the Chesterfield, and in the middle of the room Mr. Bond, the village vicar, occupied a round-backed chair, his legs crossed and his hands gripping the lapels of his coat. His head was like a ball of lard and he nodded from time to time like a china mandarin. Conversation stopped immediately on Tristram's entry. They all turned and looked at him. He felt the blood burning in his cheeks.

"Well, now," it was Aunt Erica speaking, "well, there now. I never did. Where *have* you been? Come and say how-do-you-do, dear, to your Aunt Edna first."

Aunt Erica was obviously discomfited, agitated. Tristram felt ashamed. It was his fault that she was so ill at ease. He even felt more sorry for her than for himself.

"I'm very — " he began, and stopped short. Aunt Edna whom he had not seen for five years was smiling at him under the brim of her wide hat. Her brown eyes were little demons of kindly mockery. She was like a flower in that dull room, making everyone else look dowdy and commonplace. Her loveliness embarrassed Tristram and he felt that she knew it. He meant to shake hands with her, but she caught him and drew him toward her. He became aware of her cheek against his and the fragrance of her enveloped him.

"There now," and she smiled at him, "how are you, Tristram?"

"I'm very well, thank you." He wanted to stay at her side once his first embarrassment had gone; she was tantalizing and beautiful, and when he turned he stumbled against Mr. Bond's foot.

"Hold up!" cried Mr. Bond, and slapped him on the back.

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They shook hands and for some unknown reason Aunt Edna laughed softly. She eyed her husband as Tristram approached him.

"Ah!" said Uncle Frank. "Tristram." Just as if he'd made the discovery the first time. He gazed down at him without the suspicion of a smile. "You're growing up," he said, wriggling his lips. "You're big for your age, aren't you? Ah, going to school, I hear. Great place, school. Going to like it? Where have you been this afternoon?"

"Yes, Tristram, where have you been? And you've missed tea!" Aunt Erica, all fidgety, scratching about on the Chesterfield like an overdressed hen, thought Frank Lauderdale.

Mr. Bond coughed and nodded his head twice. He couldn't see the clock and he hadn't the nerve to pull out his watch. But he hoped he'd get a chance to go very soon. There were too many undercurrents in this room. It hadn't been a very pleasant tea-party. Miss Rivington was distressed at the boy's non-appearance and as yet Colonel Rivington hadn't greeted his guests. Very strange, but then there was no accounting for the Colonel's idiosyncrasies. Always kept people on tenter-hooks. Very difficult.

"I — er — " said Mr. Bond, and saved the situation for Tristram.

"No, no! Far too early!" expostulated Aunt Erica. "Must you? Please no."

"Well — er," said Mr. Bond, and subsided into his chair in despair.

Edna patted the sofa cushion beside her, and Tristram went and sat gingerly on the edge.

The conversation became general. Erica Rivington was all to pieces. She knew it. She knew the situation was getting out of hand. A series of minor catastrophes had unnerved her. Tristram's absence, the saccharin, and now Father's refusal to attend the tea-party. He was in his room. The strain of keeping up the conversation was intolerable. It was too bad of Father. Too bad.

"I really think now — " said Mr. Bond, and he rose again from his seat with the courage of desperation.

With his departure the polite barriers separating the personal animosities were lifted away.

Frank Lauderdale seized a large wicker chair, jerked it toward

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him, and sank into it. The top of his head just appeared over the sides.

"Erica," he said from the depths, "we can't possibly stay for dinner and we've got to get back to Exeter on the six-forty-five. I'd ask you to remember that we've come out of our way as it is. Is your father coming or is he not?"

The handkerchief in Erica Rivington's hands was twisted tightly round her fingers. And then Edna said,

"It's for the boy's sake, Erica."

True enough. Her most private thoughts always seemed public property. She'd have liked to reply, Well, why don't *you* go and do it. It's all right for you with your pretty face that he likes.

Instead she rose from the Chesterfield.

"I'll see, then," she said. After all what did her own feelings matter when Tristram's future was in the balance?

"I've got ten minutes left!" came Frank's voice from the wicker chair.

And then Stuart Rivington came in.

He had changed into a dark gray suit. A black cravat was about his neck, the black ribbon of his monocle lay against his dead white cheek. His pale eyes twinkled. He had fluffed up the hair behind his ears. Without doubt he was exceedingly handsome and dignified. He was all smiles, all charm, a most delightful, brilliant old man.

He nodded to Erica, and then stepped over toward Edna. He took both her hands in his, and kissed the tips of her fingers.

"My dear," he said, "how shall I apologize to you? Has Erica explained? This is my special day when I have to write my letters. I could not, dared not tear myself away even at the risk of offending you. I apologize." His gray eyes were a match and more for the brown.

"And how lovely you look, my dear Edna. Your visit is a delight for an old man." He shook a forefinger at Lauderdale who had left his chair and was glowering.

"And you're well, I hope?" He took the younger man's hand, given reluctantly. He drew forth a silver cigarette-case, opened it with a flick. "You'll smoke?" The cold eyes were wicked with mockery as they watched the flame of the match dancing toward Lauderdale's cigarette.

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"You'll stay to dinner? I insist. Pot-luck only, though I can give you a glass of sherry, Lauderdale, that you can't get these days even at your club."

A palpable hit, that. Stuart Rivington's clubs had been of an order unattainable by Frank Lauderdale. A man who'd been a member of Tulley's in '98 was hallmarked. Lauderdale winced.

"We can't stay to dinner," he replied. "Thanks all the same. We'd better get to business, hadn't we?"

The Colonel's left eyebrow rose, his monocle dropped tinkling against a waistcoat button. He seemed mildly surprised as if at some indelicacy.

"While you talk then, father," — it was Aunt Erica, her face flushed, — "while you talk, we'll leave you, shall we?"

Tristram opened the door for his aunts and followed them out.

"And now," said Lauderdale. "Let's get all this clear."

He flopped into the wicker chair again. The Colonel sat astride a small stool, elbows on knees, examining the palm of one hand.

"Very good of you to come down," the older man began. "I appreciate it very much. Let me be frank with you. My income is not what it was. In the service they use us, drain us, then cast us aside. My only idea of course is to do all I can for Connie's boy. I know how fond you were of Bruce and Connie."

"I can't take on *their* responsibilities," snapped Lauderdale. "I have a great deal to look after for myself. I — "

The Colonel interrupted him.

"Of course not. But if you could see your way to giving the boy a year or so at preparatory school. Think it over. Perhaps we could meet in town. I go up seldom nowadays. I find things very changed. We might meet at Tulley's for lunch?" He rubbed his lips meditatively, and continued,

"By the way, I heard from my old friend Bath — "

"Who?"

"Bath — Sir Hubert Bath." Very sly were the gray eyes.

"He seems to think he'll die in harness out there in India. Tchk! Tchk! Sad how they all go. He's resigning his membership at Tulley's."

Lauderdale sat up. Bath! Resigning Tulley's! It was the hardest thing in the world to get into Tulley's. It meant something to

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be a member. There were only sixty, and membership gave the stamp of integrity.

"Another club would suit you, Lauderdale?"

Tulley's would be a feather in his cap! A fine finishing touch.

"Well, at the moment I can't say. I'm pretty busy, you know. But I'll think it over."

In such a way then was Tristram Lauderdale's career started.

The guests had departed. Aunt Erica was sure it had been very successful. Her father was still chuckling. It was nearing Tristram's bedtime. Yet she hated to go up; she wanted to hear the news and could scarcely contain herself. The old man sat in a deck-chair on the steps leading from the French windows at the front of the house. Finally he turned, taking his monocle by its ribbon and swinging it to and fro.

"He'll do it," he said.

"Frank — will — do it?"

"No! The Society for the Superannuation of ex-Army Officers."

"Who — I — "

He almost grinned at her. "Frank, of course," he snapped irritably.

"Oh father," she cried. "How did you do it? It was kind of you, father."

"Not in the least," he said. "It amused me." He was speaking the deadly truth but he could not chill her now.

"Tell me, father."

"I suggested a bargain to him," he told her. She listened to him without interruption; she could not gather the whole but she caught tags of his sentences. "Frank being Frank, it was quite easy; our Frank has an eye for glitter; he'll do it right enough."

She was confused but convinced; nevertheless she wanted to be quite sure of one thing. Was her father suggesting that he'd made a bargain on Tristram's behalf, a bargain with the thing he honored most, his position and influence at Tulley's? She knew how he despised Frank. If he had done that, how proud of him she was. Had he?

"Of course. I'm telling you."

Her hands shook with excitement. And all along she'd thought him hard and cruel and selfish! Her fear of him was gone for the

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moment in the glory in which she surrounded him. All these years and she had never understood him. In her gladness she would kiss him. She would tell him. . . .

"But our Frank is a shade too clever." The words leaped through the chaos of her emotions to her brain. "If it's easy to get a man into Tulley's it's easy to get him out. That's why it's the only decent club in London."

What? Get him out? What was he talking about?

"I'll get him in," he was saying, and then with a chuckle, "Scaife and Roxborough will see he's got out."

"You mean father, that — "

"You don't think really that a fellow like Frank will ever stay in Tulley's for more than a month, do you? When I'm determined that he shan't?"

That hideous chuckle again.

The cold-blooded deliberation of his treachery stunned her. The halo she had lifted to his head was dashed from her hands. She turned and ran blindly into the house, in case she should see in the place of that righteous crown, two horns jutting out of his head.

Erica panted up the stairs, across the landing already growing dark, into her room. She stood for a moment with her back against the door. She was badly shaken; the significance of her father's words was as yet only half realized. She imagined she could still hear him chuckling down in the hall. She felt that she could never face him again; it would be like condoning an act of evil. What could she do? Could she tell Frank that her father was taking his money with deliberate intent of not fulfilling his share of the bargain? Always before she had been able to label this *right*, that *wrong*. Now her sense of proportion was gone. She was horribly afraid, drowning in a dreadful sea of doubt. She covered her face with her hands and the tears trickled between her fingers.

Through the closed door from beneath came the sound of Tristram's footsteps on the tiled hall floor. He must be wandering about, wondering why he hadn't been told to go to bed. Erica dropped on her knees by her bed, her mouth pressed hard against the counterpane, her finger-tips digging into the material. It was there that Tristram found her. He ran to her and pulled at her shoulder. The face he saw seemed a stranger's face. He was

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shocked and he felt a pain in his stomach. He wanted to cry aloud and backed away from her. Her overwhelming agony flooded through him. She looked animal-like, so stark and naked was her misery. She put her arms around him and though he struggled, held him close. She grew quieter and his terror left him. He stroked her hair and because he had often done that she became her own personality once more to be recognized by him.

"There, there!" she said, and kissed him. "Never mind, dear. It's all right now."

The storm passed, she was perfectly steadied once more. They sat with their arms around each other, lonely woman and bewildered child, comforted by the embrace, close together in the shadowy room with the evening now high tide at the windows. She thought, I will write to Edna and tell her the truth. I won't be afraid any more. I must get the child to bed.

"Come Tristram, dear. It's time for bed."

But he was too full of pity to leave her without some knowledge of her pain. Wouldn't she tell him, please?

"It was nothing, dear. Nothing that you'd understand. Auntie was silly, that's all."

But the child's instinct, keen as a sword's swift drive, made him say, "I know. It was Grandfather, Aunt Erica."

He struggled off the bed, his small body crouched forward, his fists clenched, his face white with passion.

"It was Grandfather." He crouched before her in the darkening bedroom, a small white flame of rage. Grandfather was always hurting her, hurting them all. Erica looked at the boy stupidly. She could not realize that whereas she obeyed he rebelled. He was telling her something —

"That was why I was late, Aunt Erica. I'm going away and I shall be on my own. They all did it . . . Lancelot . . . Richard Coeur de Lion . . . They promised and I've promised —"

"Tristram!" She was beside herself with fear that he might — do what? She didn't know. He was so highly strung. His face was a ghost's face in the gloom, almost Connie's when she had confronted her father years ago.

"Tristram!" she cried sharply.

But he was gone, out of the room, running down the stairs at top speed.

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"Tristram," she called again, but he took no notice of her. There was no doubt what he was going to do. Even as she paused there she heard his fist bang on the panel of the study door, heard it slam. She caught hold of the bannister and rocked herself to and fro in terror.

The crash of the door brought the Colonel out of his chair by the fire; his pipe and tobacco jar at a small table by his side clattered into the grate.

"What in the name of God!" he exclaimed.

His grandson was in the middle of the room, trembling, his right hand raised.

"What the devil do you think you're doing?"

Tristram moistened his lips. His heart was pounding in his chest; he was still angry, burning with indignation and hate.

"You've — you've been cruel to Aunt Erica," he stammered. "I hate you. You're always being cruel to her."

There was a fearful pause. The Colonel adjusted his monocle and regarded his grandson with interest.

"Ah," he said at last. "Quite so." He was past Tristram in a flash; the key clicked in the lock, was dropped into his pocket.

"Now perhaps you'll be so good as to tell me why you enter my study in such a strange manner, insult me, and behave like an idiot."

Somebody was tapping at the door, calling,

"If Tristram's there, father, would you tell him it's time he was in bed?"

Without moving the Colonel shouted, "Tristram and I will be engaged for the next few minutes, I think, Erica. He will go to bed in due course."

The handle of the door turned, rattled. Footsteps. Another tap.

"Please let me in, father. I want to speak to you."

The Colonel lit a cigarette.

"Please, father."

The old man glanced at the boy.

"Do you want your Aunt Erica to come in and protect you?"

Tristram went crimson. "No," he said.

"Very well then, tell her so."

In somewhat quavering tones Erica heard through the door a voice saying,

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"If you please, Aunt Erica, go away. I — I'm quite all right."

Now that he was face to face with his enemy Tristram could find nothing to say.

"I'm still waiting," said the Colonel, "for your explanation."

"I am sorry, Grandfather, if I was rude. But — but I was awfully angry."

"One tries to control one's anger usually. At least if one is decently bred. Go on."

"I — I went upstairs — and — and — I found Aunt Erica crying. She didn't say it was you but I thought it was and so I came down and —"

"You must have been very certain it was me. Why should it be?"

There was no answer to this.

"I — I just thought it was."

"Considerate of you. May I ask why you suddenly presume to adopt this rôle of knight-errant?"

The term brought courage. Knight-errant! He broke down —

"That was why I was late this afternoon. I went up to Libsters to keep — to keep vigil because I was going away, am going away to school. I — I promised to —"

"I think I see. You have taken early opportunity to live up to the — er — principles you set yourself. But it would have been much wiser for you to attend to your own affairs and not to have come rushing down here. You thought you were being kind, didn't you? Kind to your aunt. By your misguided sense of kindness you have only caused her more pain. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, Grandfather."

"Then it was wrong of you to come down, h'er?"

There was no answer.

"Speak, boy. It was wrong, eh?"

And Tristram, terrified but courageous, said, "No. It wasn't."

He knew it wasn't. Yet he himself had only made matters worse by trying to do what was right. It was a fearful tangle. He'd done the proper thing and yet from Grandfather's point of view he'd been a fool. But he knew nevertheless that his own attitude was essentially correct.

"Turn up," said Grandfather and took the cane from the cupboard. Bending over the arm of the chair, his eyes closed, his

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fingernails biting into the palm of his hand, Tristram heard the first whistling swish of the descending cane. . . .

An hour later he lay on his bed, the room black except for the rib of light glancing through the door that Aunt Erica always left ajar in case he should call during the night. He lay on his side because it was more comfortable. His brain smarted as much as his body. He was exhausted but he could not shut his eyes. From Little Silver Wood an owl called dismally, and that melancholy cry ebbed over the window-sill and seemed to flood the room. With trembling fingers the boy searched for the matches beside his bed, heard the welcome rattle as he touched the box, struck a light and touched the wick of the candle. In a second or so the room was once more its old familiar self; horror and fear retreated from the yellow glow. He sat up in bed, and then kneeling on his pillow gazed at the picture immediately above his head. The painted knight still kept vigil before the altar, his sword bright and clean, brighter and cleaner than ever before, and the uplifted, serene eyes full of the glory of the vision splendid. There in the yellow candlelight the picture made its gallant gesture; there in the golden glow its symbol was printed forever on Tristram's heart.

So in one afternoon sprang a small shoot from the seed that had lain waiting its time. The oath at Libsters had been proved. The great adventure had begun.

Tristram blew out the candle, and now in peaceful darkness went to sleep.

TO BE CONTINUED

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SHOULD COAL BE NATIONALIZED?

YES:

SAYS Mr. Golden, for the coal industry is in such a hopeless muddle that no power outside the Government can redeem it. The twin evils of inflated valuations of mine property and over-expansion of the industry spring directly from private ownership and free competition. The coal industry simply cannot work its own way back to safety and service. Nationalization under the miners' plan is at least a better evil.

NO:

SAYS Mr. Bockus, for nationalization is no solution of anything. The plans advocated have the same intellectual status as a perpetual motion machine. Not only will government control fail to cure the evils already existing; it will create new ones, including higher costs, and incompetent administration, and the dangers inherent in putting a basic industry under the control of a single union.

I—THE VESTED CHAOS OF COAL

C. J. GOLDEN

THE people and industries of the United States will quite likely have to suffer more inconveniences than they have, before they reach the state of mind required for them to force the great reforms which eventually are certain to be imposed upon the coal industry. We are a long-suffering folk, and very reluctant to meddle in private affairs until our irritation becomes acute. Recent events, however, have shown very clearly that the line which coal reform will take, and the strong probability that it will tend directly toward government ownership, or nationalization, should be brought under careful consideration, since the reform cannot be much longer delayed, and it will have to come from the people as a whole. The industry has shown itself helpless to cure its own ills.

The recent anthracite strike, and the threat of a much more disturbing bituminous strike next spring, while they have served to attract public attention, are in fact merely minor indications of the very complete demoralization of the coal industry. We who are in the industry know that strikes, no matter how serious, do not

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measure the real trouble, and we know also that no possible adjustment of wages and employment will solve the actual problem. In such struggles each side fights for advantage against the other, sometimes against the consumer. The employers naturally seek the largest possible profit, while we workers struggle under much more bitter compulsion for a chance for decent life. But whichever side wins, the fundamental wrongs and evils will be unchanged.

The fact is that the coal industry is under two great handicaps which have been increasing steadily for years, and which, so far as can humanly be foretold, will grow indefinitely worse until some outside power steps in and stops them by direct action. These evils are the attempt to make profits on artificially inflated valuations of coal property, and an enormous over-expansion and waste of capital, machinery, man power, and coal itself. It is beside the point whether the burden of these evils falls most heavily on the workers, the owners, the consumers, or posterity. All suffer and will. None of them should.

The public and industry in general cannot permit this to increase indefinitely. Already there is not room within the price asked for a living wage to the workers, a decent quality of coal to the consumers, a satisfying, — often even a decent, — profit to operators, and the customary wastes of all kinds, which make up the largest item! The resulting confusion, irregularity of supply and price, and frequent disturbances are already a source of great irritation to private consumers and a heavy tax on industry. The coal business is too important to too many people, too vital to our whole industrial machinery, too wide-spread in its social effect, to allow even the broad American toleration of nuisances to last much longer.

When action does come it seems certain that it will have to be, though perhaps only after tentative experimental steps, directly toward either actual government ownership and operation, or so complete a nationalization through government control that it will economically amount to the same thing. There is no power outside the government that will have even a remote chance to exercise the control necessary to save the situation.

The idea, of course, is horrifying to many. All the usual objections will be raised, but in this case, at least, the usual objections will be found to have lost force long before the crisis arrives.

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It will be argued, for example, that government interference, and still more government ownership, is muddling, costly, inefficient. Perhaps, but no possible bureaucratic blundering could make such a mess as exists at present, nor cost so much.

We will hear, too, all the standard arguments about free competition. Those also will fail under the pressure of need. There is no space here to argue the merits of free competition as a general principle, nor would there be any point in attempting to do so. In the first place free competition has already been greatly infringed in the coal industry, through government regulation, private association, railroad rates, union bargaining, and similar measures, and the present plans for district unification go still farther in that direction. In the second place, as I understand it, the "law" of free competition is not exactly a revealed fiat from some divine and inescapable power, but an effort by men to explain how and why the world works as it does. The "law" does not make conditions and facts, but is deduced from them. So when we find, as we do here, that the facts do not fit the theoretical law, and that the results of trying to let it work are not at all according to formula; when we even find that our old friend "supply and demand" has become demoniac and destructive, — then it is plainly desirable to get below the surface of the "law".

These objections will surely be swept aside if the evil is great enough. The answer to that is the facts of the coal industry. Let us look at it.

Surely the law of free competition has had ample opportunity in it, and surely, too, conditions there have not been unduly difficult, if the law only worked. Coal has all the advantages which, under current economic theory ought to make it a model industry, neat, orderly, prosperous, and serviceable. It has almost unlimited resources of raw material, well distributed, and cheaply worked. It has an almost fixed demand, with fluctuations far below those of most industries, and easily calculable so that production could be accurately adjusted to demand. It has ample capital, ample technical and engineering skill, and ample supplies of skilled labor. What more could Adam Smith want?

Instead of being the shining success that was to be expected, however, it is America's worst industrial failure. It is a poor investment, a risky business, an abominable employer, a most un-

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satisfactory public servant. To list all its failures would be too long a task, but a dozen or so of those which are most outstanding should be named. It in some way damages everyone it touches. To the consumer it gives an irregular and uncertain supply, of poor quality, at a high price, and with an enormous "bracket" between the cost of production and transportation, and the price obtained. For the investor it gives the wildest gamble of any legitimate business, except possibly oil and gold; it sometimes pays exorbitant profits, but more often is fruitful of bankruptcies which do *not* always hit the least deserving; it makes good management and foresight almost impossible and pays no premium on them when they are attempted. For the mine worker it gives irregular employment, under dangerous conditions, in degrading surroundings and at poor pay. In general it wastes almost more than it uses of one of the nation's greatest assets, both underground and above, and it has a distribution system so incredibly bad that the single State of Indiana sells coal to eleven other States, — and buys back coal from the same number!

Many factors, of course, go to produce this outrageous condition. Some of them can be cured, some probably only ameliorated, by more wisdom, care, and better organization. But behind and beyond all the rest in their evil effects on the industry are the twin evils of inflated valuations of mine property and the over-expansion of the industry in every way. These two spring directly from private ownership and free competition, and they cannot be remedied by any means now in sight except direct, national governmental interference.

The inflation of values needs little discussion, because it is so common a business practise and is so well understood. It comes from the custom of valuing property, not on the basis of its cost, but on the basis of the profit that it can produce, — more often, that its owners hope it can produce. Thus when there is a good year and a new mark in valuation is set, often reënforced by the sale of additional securities, and the demand for profits on that increased valuation becomes a burden on all coming years. It is the old evil of watered stock; an evil so common in all matters affecting real property that it is taken for granted except in cases where the public interest is directly damaged.

This evil is purely a responsibility of the owners. With it goes

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another responsibility of theirs which adds to sale price through a juggling of bookkeeping, increasing the bracket by the various standard devices of paying high royalties to themselves or each other, by selling coal from their own financial left hands to their right, and similar practises, always with a comfortable profit attached to every fictitious transfer. The amount of these two evils is a secret of the account books of the coal companies, which have never been submitted to adequate examination. It is known, however, that within the last ten years the anthracite mines alone have inflated values about $200,000,000, or a third of their present book values, and they have given indications of an intention to inflate them about $400,000,000 more. As to the cost of the juggling, it must be sought in the bracket of five to ten dollars between the production cost of coal, — including transportation, — and the sale price.

The over-expansion of the coal industry needs more discussion, because its causes and its evils are not at first sight so apparent. On the whole, probably, its effect is considerably greater even than the inflation of values. It is due directly to the failure of the law of supply and demand to enforce order and efficiency in the industry, as it should under economic theory, because of the very peculiar conditions of the industry. In coal that theory falls absolutely flat. There is no traceable relation between price and demand, no increased consumption when the price falls, nor decrease when it rises. The only effect that the price of coal seems to have is on profits.

This leads to the establishment in the coal industry of a cycle that rotates between undue expansion and bankruptcy. When a period of high prices comes, due to restricted production, the going mines increase, those which have been closed reopen, and new ones start up on every hand. The opportunities are unlimited and the capital needed is rather small for a new mine. Then the market gluts, and the price falls.

But it is far easier to open a mine than to close one. Costs of investment and care of machinery are serious, and it is often better to run a mine at a loss than to shut down. So there is more overproduction, and the fluctuations in coal prices are the widest possible. Presently, of course, the bankruptcies begin, mines are compelled to close, and the cycle starts anew.

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There is not space here to trace the ways in which the greatest evils of the coal industry flow from this condition, for in some cases the reactions are complicated. They can be studied in detail in any competent report of recent inquiries. One is that the irregularity makes almost impossible, uncertain of effect, and at times even dangerous, all the usual virtues of good management, such as foresight in planning production, investment in equipment, and even economical operation. Another is that the industry absorbs the time, through part-time work, of some 200,000 men more than it needs, and hundreds of millions of dollars invested in machinery and buildings which are in large part idle. It actually absorbs men, money, and machinery enough to produce almost twice as much coal as this country can use! The irregular operation, also, is more costly, increases the danger of accidents, and forces cut-throat competition, cheese-paring in risky places, adulteration of product, and all the other evils which come upon industries attempting to operate too close to the red line. Finally there are the bankruptcies, which are responsible for the irregular work and poor pay of the miners, who do not average over two hundred days a year in which to earn a living for themselves and their families for three hundred and sixty-five days.

These evils do not even have the effect, in the long run, of cheapening costs to the consumer. Each evil is an economic loss, and in one way or another all that are not liquidated in the bankruptcy courts find their way into the nation's coal bill.

This is certain, that if the industry could be brought under control it could operate on about half the capital with a third less men, pay its employes considerably more, and produce coal at very much less than the present costs at the tipple, and even more below the present delivery prices.

I have written so far as if coal were a single industry, and all the factors operated equally through it. This is not quite correct, for while the same general conditions affect all coal mining, they bear with considerably different weight on the anthracite and on the bituminous mines. The inflation of values is most marked in the anthracite fields, and that industry is more settled, far more thoroughly under control, and affords rather better working conditions. The chief difficulty there is that the inflated valuation demands too much of the sale price to permit fair wages. It is the

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bituminous fields which suffer most from the evils of irregularity and over-expansion. Yet there is, of course, a considerable interdependence between the two.

This is the condition of the coal industry to-day, and the most hopeless feature of the whole situation is that it cannot work its own way back to safety and service. In fact, every single thing that might be done by skill, intelligence, industry, and even sacrifice, would only make things worse! So true is this that a recent book on *The Case of Bituminous Coal*, issued under the auspices of the Institute of Economics, suggests this as a summary of the industry: "In a jumble of mines called the bituminous coal industry it is proper for each individual to do good that evil may come of it." Look for a moment at the virture which might be applied:

Better management. It would increase the output, therefore the surplus, help the downward swing of the cycle, and lead to unemployment and bankruptcies.

Better technique. It would do the same. In fact the greatest evil in sight for the bituminous industry is that conditions will grow much worse than they are because of improvements! A new technique of mining, which could considerably increase output per man, is likely to flood the coal market and bring on an actual coal panic, in finance, management, and employment.

Greater industry by the men. Same evils.

Lower wages, — if it may be assumed for a moment that it would be a virtue for American workmen to take a cut in wages that are already too low for decent living. This would simply make it easy for more hair-line, fly-by-night, cheap-John mines to open and demoralize the industry in another way.

To sum up: No inducement the industry can offer will increase demand for coal beyond its slow, normal growth; the only possible way to stability and economic soundness must be through fitting the industry to the country's needs; there is no power in the industry itself to achieve this, and the supposed economic laws have failed. In the meantime there is a chaos that in ten years has three times imperiled the coal supply, that is economically outrageous in every way, and that imposes needless hardship and unfair living upon three quarters of a million miners and their families. It is a chaos that is steadily going from very bad to

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very much worse, leading directly toward a collapse that will produce an explosion of public anger, and frenzied and senseless remedies.

Against the background of this gathering tempest the bugaboo of nationalization does not seem so very horrendous. Indeed, the more closely we look at it, the less frightful is its face. Let us look at it squarely, taking the only definite, detailed plan which has been presented, the one offered by the Nationalization Research Committee of the United Mine Workers.

That plan assumes that there are three points to be guarded in any scheme for nationalization: the public interest, the welfare of the mine workers, and the efficiency of administration. It assumes, of course, the protection of the present mine owners through taking over their holdings at a fair valuation of "established expectations".

As to public interest, the miners' plan assumes also that ownership by the miners alone would be as unjust and disastrous as ownership by the coal operators has proved. They would give the public final decision on all the larger issues of the industry through actual ownership, and an organization corresponding roughly to the directors through whom any stockholders control any corporation. This would be a Federal Commission of Mines, acting under a Secretary of Mines, and its functions would include finding the facts about the industry (something that has never been done), budget determination, scientific cost-accounting, price fixing, scientific research, and final control of the power of the purse. It is suggested that this Commission be made up of eleven men, six appointed by the President, and five by the professional and industrial organizations involved.

Administration is a very different task from control, and the miner's plan provides a separate body for administration: a National Mining Council. It would be made up of three groups, one representing the administrative heads of the industry, another the miners, and the third the coal consumers. Regional councils would operate in each of the different fields. There would be advisory mine committees in each mine. The National Mining Council would appoint mine managers, with the same authority as at present, and would present its accounts and plans for approval to the Federal Commission.

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Because I am a miner, because there seems a tendency to be particularly afraid of the attitude of the miners in case of nationalization, and because the public has given to our union an undue blame for the disorganization in the industry of which recent strikes are a symptom, I may be pardoned if I take some pains to make clear the position the miners, and the United Mine Workers would have under this plan. We believe that the industry should and can afford to yield to every worker a good American life in the sense of hours, wages, safety, health, and living conditions; also that it can and should satisfy his desire for a voice in the management and a share in the actual administration of the industry to which he devotes his life. This is not state socialism; it is industrial democracy.

There can be no complete coöperation, no full efficiency, until the worker's own suggestions are welcomed and fairly weighed; his good will and intelligence must both be cultivated and used, and provisions for doing this must be incorporated in any successful scheme. By democratic management he means that coal shall be run by the people who mine it, who apply their scientific knowledge to its problems, who transport it, sell it, and use it. If coal were run by a Bureau in Washington, the miner would feel as far from being represented in the industry as he feels to-day. Democratic management must be the blood and bones of any nationalization plan.

To insure it the miners' plan contains three provisions: first the direct representation in the federal and regional and local mining councils already mentioned; second, the firm establishment of collective bargaining through representatives of the union; third, a Federal Bureau of Wage Measurement, under the Federal Commission. This Bureau would for the first time deal scientifically with disputed points; the Commission would pass upon its findings from the point of view of business and economic expediency. National basic rates would be determined on a national basis, as at present, by a Joint Wage Scale Committee. Wages would be made a first charge against the industry.

Thus for the first time in history wage questions would be removed from the actual administration, where they do not belong, and placed under the economic control, where they do belong. The mine manager would be able to give his full attention to get-

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ting out coal, instead of, as too often at present, being forced to be a wage haggler and labor squeezer. Labor would be insured not only decent living but self-respect, and, since there would be efficient management at last, the cost of it all would come out of the present wastes, and not out of the consumer.

This is the Miners' Nationalization Plan. But there is grave danger before it can be adopted. The plan is not perfect, of course, and can be improved in many details, so long as the essentials are kept. But substitutes for real industrial democracy are semi-slavery, and substitutes for efficient public control will merely provide a paradise for parasites.

The conditions for success for nationalization are six: administrative, organizing minds used in the public service; competent technical direction; a one hundred per cent organized union; collective bargaining publicly accepted as the basis for wage agreements; a large labor representation in the industrial management; and a political party that sincerely supports the plan.

Without these safeguards nationalization will be merely the control of the industry by a group of business men, in the interests of private enterprise. For this reason American opinion will rightly demand that all important problems be finally decided by the representatives of the people, and at present these representatives would probably be men unsympathetic to Labor. Until Labor is adequately represented in voting strength, government commissions will be made up of politicians and "big business" men.

It has been assumed that nationalization would entail an immense first cost, but this is not necessarily so. Exact values of mines are not known, but the best estimates put the entire value, including investments and coal in the ground, at around four and a half billions. A high figure, to be sure, but the nation's yearly coal bill is not less than two billions, — full nationalization could be had for about the cost of two years' coal! But it need not cost even that; it would be easy to arrange to take out the coal on some royalty basis, fair to the owners, and this would reduce the initial investment to well under two billion. Even a ten per cent saving would repay that in ten years; the saving would almost certainly run much higher, and the insurance of industrial stabil-

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ity and better living for four million people would be worth no small sum.

To my mind the real question is not *whether* we shall have nationalization, but when, and how wisely planned. The sooner the inflation of coal property values and the waste in men and money that are going on can be stopped, the less will be the burden of unearned increment and lost resources which we shall have to carry for all the future. The more calmly the plans can be worked out, before the heat and temper of an actual crisis are upon us, the better it will be.

II — A REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE

CHARLES EDWIN BOCKUS

A YOUNG economist who recently investigated the coal situation summed up his findings: "The coal industry is so chaotic that nationalization is the only possible solution. And nationalization is no solution for anything!" There is much merit in this terse and pessimistic dictum; it is striking and comprehensive, and it states a general current discouragement. It is truthful at least in its conclusion, for no matter how bad coal conditions may be, government ownership could do nothing but make them worse.

It cannot be denied that conditions in the coal industry satisfy no one. Nor do the recommendations which have been made by the various investigating committees meet the wide demand for a quick, easy, and sure solution. Wherefore nationalization is offered, — not by any one familiar with industrial management, be it noted, — and it will probably be increasingly discussed whenever the general public becomes involved in coal difficulties. Admittedly the plan has certain points of appeal, but before weighing its merits as a cure-all, it may be well to make a brief diagnosis of the disease for which it is urged as a remedy.

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In spite of the recent anthracite strike, the main coal problem is and always will be with bituminous. The coal industry divides itself into these two classifications automatically: anthracite is mined in one small section of Pennsylvania and practically nowhere else in the United States in commercial quantities; bituminous is mined commercially in twenty-five States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Montana to Texas. The relative importance as to output is almost six times as great for bituminous as for anthracite, and the relative value at the mines, — the total, not per ton, — is about twice as high. Not far from the same tonnage of each kind is used for domestic purposes, this amounting to some sixty per cent of anthracite and ten per cent of bituminous. This indicates that half the home-heat of the country and ninety per cent of its industrial power made by coal, come from bituminous. These are merely rough figures, but they give some idea of the relative importance of bituminous, — a low-priced, widely distributed product on which our industrial life depends, and a higher-priced, narrowly restricted product, used chiefly for domestic purposes. Thus the main problem centres on bituminous.

It is a serious problem. Ever since the war it has been popular, and with some superficial reason, to allude to the coal industry as chaotic, to speak of it as over-produced, ill run, and altogether a discreditable undertaking. This indictment is always coupled with the statement that it is a basic industry, and therefore it is intolerable that such conditions should continue. Among the evils with which it can more or less fairly be charged are that it attempts to pay dividends on over-valuations and watered stock, that it is equipped with men and machinery to produce much more coal than can be used; that as a result prices are too high, and inequitable as between different classes of consumers; that there is wastage at the mines and in the cross-haul of coal into States which produce it themselves; that profits are uncertain owing to sudden price fluctuations; that there are too low wages, irregularity of employment, and justified labor unrest; and that there is an occasional situation which produces an actual shortage, with inconvenience and even suffering, and outrageous prices.

The charge, also made, that the industry is moribund and behind the times in methods, resulting in an increased cost of pro-

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duction, is not a fair one. Seventy per cent of the production cost is for labor, and when an operator can dig coal and transport it from two to five thousand feet underground, provide the elaborate precautions needed for safety, lift it and load it into railroad cars at a cost of around $1.60 a ton, including management and overhead, and paying the wages set by the Government as fair in 1917, it is evident that there can be no important saving except in labor costs.

It can be admitted that all the evils charged exist more or less, but they can easily be faced without panic or hysterics. Other great industries have been in as bad case and have recovered: the railroads only five years ago, and steel twenty years ago, for example. Also, some of these evils are more apparent than real, and some of them are common to many industries which nevertheless manage to bear up and serve the public well. Other industries, too, have been over-expanded, and survived. The present over-expansion of coal really dates to the World War, when great efforts were made to increase production, — in fact, all government and most public pressure on the coal industry has been toward this same over-expansion which is now so bitterly decried. In spite of the fact that the price of coal was probably more closely restricted than that of any other commodity, the production in 1917 jumped fifty million tons over 1916, and it jumped another twenty-eight million tons in 1918, with the Government constantly urging it on.

Then came the reaction of the first year of peace, which showed a decrease of nearly a hundred million tons, probably not far from a normal output compared with consumption at that time. The boom years of 1920 shot production almost up to the 1918 figure, and then the two years of industrial depression brought output down to about the scale of ten years before! But coal was not the only industry that was deflated; the whole commercial shore was strewn with wrecks of business ventures that had grown up like weeds in 1920, only to wither into bankruptcies in 1921. Coal merely suffered with the rest.

The pressure for increased expansion was resumed in 1922. When the union struck, the organized bituminous mines and non-union fields forged ahead, being urged to do so by the Government to save industry in the country. The shortage in that year

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was made up in 1923 with tonnage running almost as high as 1917 (545,000,000 tons), with a decline to 438,000,000 tons in 1924, a curtailment that in part brought about the increase last year to 523,000,000 tons. The anthracite strike undoubtedly played some part in this last increase, — more pressure toward over-expansion. These figures are worth remembering, for they show that if over-expansion is the besetting sin of the coal industry, others must share the blame.

Contrasting with this rather gloomy condition in the coal industry, the advocates of nationalization paint a gorgeous and almost gaudy picture. They promise us that their plan will take the coal properties off the harassed operators' hands at a good price, will prevent over-expansion, stabilize production, use much less capital, absorb a third less man-power, pay higher wages, produce coal at lower cost at the tipple, and make heavy cuts in prices to consumers. It is a wonderful and an appealing picture, but when brought face to face with the facts, it has the same intellectual status as a perpetual motion machine. There will always be some people who believe that one can make something from nothing; it needs the same mental attitude to believe in nationalization of coal.

In the first place it is extremely improbable that the country will ever embark on any such scheme, because of the immense first cost. No one knows what this will be; the Miners' Union figured it once at four billions, but has since dropped to two. The actual cost would undoubtedly exceed either; it must involve not only all the capital invested in going mines, and the operating capital required, but also the purchase not only of all operating coal fields, but of all others that have been or may be discovered. Without a complete government monopoly, it is obvious that none of the promises can be fulfilled. There is a possibility, however, that at some time peculiar conditions might develop which would lead to its being attempted. The question is what would happen then.

It is obvious at the start that government ownership could not in any way affect the most fundamental condition of the industry, which is the market for coal, — the measure of production. The consumption of coal is fixed by the law of supply and demand, by seasonal charges, by industrial activity or depression, by compe-

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tition with other fuel, and by the greater efficiency in the use of coal itself. There has been more advance in this latter direction in the last few years than many realize. The centralization of power plants has reduced the consumption of coal per unit of electrical energy produced. The railroads, freed from government interference, have made remarkable strides in fuel efficiency. More and more by-product ovens, with their greater yield of ultimate fuel, have been replacing the cheaper but crude and wasteful beehive ovens. Nationalization could not alter any of these factors. Therefore, if it were to reorganize the industry on a basis of stabilized production and employment, where every ton of coal produced was to find an immediate market at a price that would repay all cost and a fair return on the capital invested (and capital is entitled to its return, even if it is government, — that is, tax-payers', — capital), it could only do it by a restriction on selling. The results are not pleasant to contemplate.

The closest our mines have ever come to nationalization was under the United States Fuel Administration, during the World War. Prices at which coal could be sold were fixed; preferences to industrial needs were given, wages were set by the authorities in Washington, and materially increased, and at no time had so large a proportion of the producing fields and so many of the miners been in the ranks of organized labor. Under those conditions the mines as a whole made money.

It would seem superficially that this was the best possible argument for nationalization, from the point of view of both employer and worker. Roughly speaking, wages advanced forty per cent, the operators made a margin of profit which averaged better than ever before, there was work available for all miners whenever there were cars for loading, — a happy condition. It was the gala time of the industry. But there was one factor then, and far and away the most important of all, that is non-existent to-day: there was an anxious market for every ton of coal produced. Without that the happy conditions would have been impossible; how could nationalization bring back that market? And what could it do without it?

Its advocates will reply that it can correct the present evils. It has been shown that it cannot arrange to operate the industry up to its present capacity, but how about other evils? In studying

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them in detail there are two questions to be asked about each: first, are they real evils and, if so, are they as bad as they are alleged to be? second, what can nationalization do to cure them?

One alleged evil is the over-valuation of mine properties. This is chiefly in regard to anthracite. Now, it is not my intention to go into the question of relative fixed charges against the selling price of coal, or the market value for coal lands. It seems doubtful whether any plan can ever be devised that will make lots on a back street sell for as much as those on Main Street. The limited supply of anthracite available is a fact which no government interference can change; so long as it is a preference fuel it will bring a preferred price, whether in the ground or out, and anthracite property will be correspondingly valuable.

Also, there are elements of cost in the production of anthracite which do not enter into bituminous to an equal extent. For a great many years anthracite was not profitable, and every government investigation has reported that some anthracite operators were selling at too low a price to show a net return on investment. These are facts which no government ownership can change; the value is there and the cost is there and both have to be paid for, whether under private or government ownership.

As to over-production, — since the Government cannot make a market to absorb excess product, the cure must lie in curtailment. No one knows just how great this evil is. It is argued that the potential capacity of the bituminous mines is very much larger than the amount produced, because the mines average a short working year. The last fact is true. One can guess at the potential capacity, and put it at almost any figure from 600,000,000 to 850,000,000 tons (the present average is around 500,000,000 tons) and adduce reasonably good arguments for that figure. With an ample car supply, an unlimited market at a fair price, it is difficult to say what tonnage could be produced. The mines have never had an opportunity to show. Up to 1924 there was never a time of strong market when tonnage was not held down by car shortage. Since the railroads were divorced from government control, and were more or less put on their feet by reasonable rates, this has changed; a problem which the Government failed to solve has been completely solved by the roads, though to meet it they have had to furnish cars and motive power to take care of

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peak loads far in excess of what would be needed if the coal could come in equal volume throughout the year.

Now, the readjustment of an industry is a difficult matter which will always be fraught with hardships on those in it, whether they supply capital or labor. Curtailment falls on both alike. If there are 200,000 more men in the industry than it needs, they must be driven to other work. Mines must be closed, high-cost operations must go to the wall in favor of the efficient ones, those that survive will be the best located geographically, with high grade coal and easy mining conditions that give the fullest opportunity for economical development and low cost. It would mean industrially the mining of the cream, and perhaps the wasting of much skimmed milk. Economic law will do this; is already beginning to do it.

It is hard to see how any political control could decide which mines were to close except on two bases: first, that of economy, which will work out under private control; second, that of political expediency, which would mean economic chaos and increased waste. In fact, would any political control ever have the nerve to close down any mine where there were voters at work? Would not the political answer be to make up shortage in the demand by slackness in the individual production of the workers, — though at full pay, — and thus run up costs to be paid either out of the nation's fuel bill or its tax bill? Again there seems little advantage to be hoped for from nationalization.

The present evil of uncertain profits would, of course, be eliminated along with the private owner. The evil of waste would, as has been pointed out, hardly decrease under a government control which was mining the cream. The evil of added cost because of cross-haul is a different matter. A great point has been made about the wastefulness of the cross-haul, with the sensational statement that Indiana sells coal to eleven other States and buys coal from as many. The figures do not measure what evil there may be; actual statistics on the amounts moved would be needed. One might say, in a similar way, that in 1923 the United States exported anthracite to Greece, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Venezuela, and England; it would seem important until the figures showed that the total exports of coal to all those countries could have been loaded into a single railroad

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car, and then the tipple boss would have been called down for under-loading! Similarly, Indiana is in the heart of the coal belt, every State that touches her produces coal, and it would be natural that under modern methods of transportation and free trade between States there would be a considerable interchange, — just as there are Nash automobiles used in Flint and Buicks in Kenosha.

But if any nationalized coal authority tried to stop this "evil" there would be a riot, and a convention of congressmen at the Federal Coal Commission offices, each one armed with a red-hot protest. An attempt made during the 1922 strike to prevent cross-hauling and to make consumers buy coal from the nearest source brought a perfect stampede of protests from the consumers. The point of cross-hauling overlooked by the critics, is that coal is not all alike. Different varieties produce different results, and it is often more economical to use a higher-priced coal. Moreover, most industrial plants have been constructed with careful adaptation to a particular coal, and cannot operate efficiently on other varieties. It would cost hundreds of millions to rebuild them. It seems certain, therefore, that the cross-haul is not a very serious waste, and that nationalization could not stop either it or mine wastes.

One of the greatest claims made for nationalization is that it would reduce the price of coal to the consumer. I think it has been proved that this is a delusion: that nationalization could not produce coal at any lower cost. But there is a point here which, to my surprise, has been little emphasized by the advocates for nationalization: it is that it would probably reduce the price to the small consumer, the householder, at least for a while. To-day the householder pays too large a part of the cost of producing coal. In many cases he not only pays all the profit, but also makes up a loss incurred in the sale of steam coal to large users below cost.

A few figures will show how this works, and might work under nationalization. Under the war-time Fuel Administration the differential between the rates charged for "prepared" sizes, as compared with run-of-mine or slack, was much less than normal. Broadly, the Fuel Administration prices were based on run-of-mine with twenty-five cents to be added for prepared sizes,

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and twenty-five cents deducted for slack. Assuming run-of-mine at $2.60, which was about the average government price, that meant $2.85 for lump and $2.35 for slack.

Note the difference: in 1924, the price for run-of-mine in one central field was $1.55, but slack was $1.15 (forty cents less) while lump was $2.50 (ninety-five cents more). That is, lump coal, the household fuel, sold for something more than double the price of slack, and for a dollar higher than run-of-mine, which most industrial users buy. More: in most years the price of slack drops as the price of lump rises under seasonal influences, the operator trying to force on an unwilling market the smaller sizes of coal, much as a farmer may feed skimmed milk to his pigs so that he can sell cream for a profit. Yet it costs usually just about the same to produce slack, run-of-mine, and lump. In other words, the household coal pays the piper!

The householder might be attracted by the theory that nationalization would reduce his coal bills and put more of the burden on the steam user. Indeed, it is probable that under nationalization the householder, having the largest number of votes, would not be charged the present extra price for getting a "cream" product and getting it only during a limited period of the year. Still, in the long run, the total fuel bill of the country will rest where it always rests, — on the ultimate consumer. He would have to pay the manufacturer's increased fuel costs. Whether his total costs of living would decrease seems doubtful, since nationalization cannot reduce the nation's fuel bill.

Except by reducing miners' wages! After all, the crux of the problem is a human one, since seventy per cent of the cost of coal is for labor. It can be taken for granted at once that no nationalization control will reduce the wages paid, so there will be no saving. But there are other problems affecting labor which are important. Will nationalization help solve them?

One is irregularity of employment. The fact that most miners average less than two hundred days' work a year is serious. But it may not be quite so bad as it seems. For various reasons miners do not always work when they can; a sure sign that they themselves are not suffering from lack of employment. The piece-work system under which most of them are employed tends to independence and also to absenteeism, and even the best run mines

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often have figures on absenteeism which would drive a normal factory manager to distraction. I happen to know of a mine, producing around 25,000 tons a month, for the output of which there is a steady demand so that the mine was able to work two hundred ninety-seven days last year, — only seven working days not used. Yet in a single month the number of loaders reporting for work varied from 85 to 115, with no material changes in the total number on the payroll. The average was 104 men at work. On five days the foreman was seriously short of loaders. The week-end recreation shows up strongly in the figures. It happened that February this year broke in exactly four weeks. The total at work on the four Mondays was only 394, Tuesdays 417, Wednesdays 421, Thursdays and Fridays 425, and Saturdays 412. Clearly irregularity of employment is not wholly due to the operators; nationalization could not cure it, and it is not certain that the miners would be pleased if it could.

It is urged on behalf of nationalization that if work could be assured, and employment made regular, it would be possible to reduce the wage cost per ton, and still satisfy the miners. This seems more than doubtful, and it seems equally doubtful whether conditions and wages for mine labor are as distressing as alleged. It is mere arithmetic to show that if a miner, working 150 days on the 1917 scale, makes $750 a year, he could make as much at half the ton wage if he had three hundred working days a year. But I am convinced that if this happened the present alleged excess of 200,000 miners would vanish. There was during the last two years a general opportunity to find employment in other lines of work at better pay than ever before in peace time. So, if the miners stayed at the mines, it must have been because they preferred the work there.

It is quite evident that the union would not advocate nationalization if it did not feel that the scheme meant the stabilization of the industry on a high standard of wages. This is a natural position for them to take, and perfectly understandable. Yet the facts are somewhat complicated. Under semi-government control wages were adjusted always upward. After peace was declared, however, wages advanced again, to a considerably higher level. It may easily be argued that since the men were able to get higher wages under private control than under the Fuel Administration

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there would be no reason to expect higher wages under nationalization, and that with more working days assured wages might even decrease. There is not, however, in the history of any government operation, any really good evidence on which to base such a hope, and if the miners thought there was, they would not advocate nationalization.

The question of wages brings us to the other side of nationalization, — the evils it will produce. It has been shown that it cannot cure any of the evils which now exist; on the other hand it will certainly produce evils of its own. The first will be in connection with the cost of labor. All advocates of nationalization assume the complete unionization of the mines, — which means putting all miners on the union scale. This means an increase in the total cost of fuel. At no time since the war has the miners' union had so many fields divorced from its control as at present. Alabama, Maryland, all Kentucky, and practically all West Virginia, are non-union. In Pennsylvania, where union production of bituminous far exceeded non-union during the war, the reverse is probably the case to-day. The so-called "1917 wage scale", which is more or less the present basis in most non-union fields, is not high either when compared to the cost of living, or the wages in other industries, and there is no suggestion that it be reduced, but it is relatively high for the present selling price of bituminous from those fields. Its readjustment to the union "Jacksonville" scale would necessitate a very material advance in coal prices. This could be taken for granted under nationalization.

In fact, whoever mentions nationalization without coupling it with wage advances? Many experiments in industrial activities show unvarying results. Wages advance under political pressure, and costs go up accordingly. Such savings as would be made at all would be short-lived. Few politicians would dare try, and fewer still would be able, to resist demands for higher wages when backed by three-quarters of a million men and their families. If the same thing happened in coal that happened on the railroads in the brief time of government control, the price of coal at the tipple would have to go up nearly seventy per cent.

Another definite evil to be expected of nationalization is lack of enterprise in adopting new machinery and new methods, and general lack of efficiency. This condition under any government

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operation is already too well known to need arguing; to it would be added the traditional opposition of Labor to any kind of progress that reduces employment. Together these would be deadly. Add in poor management, and the fat jobs that would go to deserving politicians. The coal consumers would have a heavy bill.

Last, and perhaps most dangerous, would be the fact that nationalization would put a basic industry completely under control of a single union, placing the country at the mercy of three-quarters of a million of its citizens. Our salvation in recent labor troubles has been that the strikes could not completely stop the fuel supply; try to imagine what would happen if any union had power to bring the country completely to its knees!

So it is evident that nationalization not only will cure none of the present evils, but that it will bring new, costly, and dangerous ones of its own. In the English coal trade they have been flirting with nationalization at great expense to the taxpayer, but their problems seem no nearer a solution now than when the flirtation began. We have seen in our own country not only the débâcle of government control of railroads, but the later experiment of national operation in the shipping industry, one that was tremendously over-developed because of war conditions. It has been a sad disappointment to those who listened to the glowing predictions from Washington as to benefits that would accrue to American industry from the great government-owned commercial fleet. The fact is that government ownership simply does not and cannot work. The late Senator Aldrich was right when he said that ordinary business methods would save thirty per cent of the cost of government. Nationalization of any industry would mean at least that much increase in cost.

There is already a steady curtailment of high-cost operations; that will go on. Bankers are becoming wary of backing needless mines; that will help. With these things and a reasonable increase in demand, certain because of the future expansion of industry, the balance will not be far apart. Expensive as the readjustment may be, the results attained will be more certain and permanent than would be possible from any government operation, since it cannot by any political legerdemain materialize markets, increase wages, or pay coal property owners from any other source than the usual one, — the pockets of the people.

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JUDAISM AND ANTI-SEMITISM

Part Two

SAMUEL F. DARWIN FOX

IN the first part of this paper, published last month, Mr. Fox traced the history of anti-Semitism to the days before the Christian era. In this sequel he discusses it as a monstrous survival of the past. Anti-Semitism is wedded to reaction. No progressive movement has ever incorporated it; no retrograde current has ever been exempt from it. The Jewish genius has become the revolutionary leaven of the universe, and the Dispersion was the outcome of the Jew's predestination to martyrdom and self-sacrifice.

THE Ancient World began to take cognizance of the Jews in the time of Alexander of Macedon, the founder of the Egyptian city of Alexandria, whither the Hellenic conqueror had deported the Israelites who had been reduced to capitivity during his campaign in Judea. Voluntary emigration on the part of the Jews followed enforced transplantation; and, by the time of Philo and of Christ, the number of Jews in Egypt was estimated at about one million, or one-eighth of the total population of that land. The Israelitish immigration became a most important factor likewise in Syria, and spread rapidly in all the countries of the Ancient World. At the end of two or three centuries, the limits of the Dispersion were extended in the south to Lybia, in the north to Gaul, in the west to Spain, and in the northeast to the Crimea; in the east to Armenia and to the Kingdom of the Parthians, — the Jewish immigration penetrated, indeed, as far as China. Many of the Jewish colonies counted their numbers by tens and even hundreds of thousands, — often decimated by pogroms and massacres. So the insurrection of the year 116 A.D. cost the Dispersion 220,000 victims in Africa and 240,000 in Mesopotamia and Egypt.

As we have already remarked, the anti-Semitism of the ancients was inspired by political and social considerations: the Jewish religion and ethics were on the contrary highly esteemed in the world of polytheistic decadence in quest of a moral system founded upon the philosophical absolute. The Greek intellectuals sought the point of contact between the Republic of Plato and the ideal of Moses; and the popular leaders in Hellas and in Rome borrowed from Israel the ordinance of the Sabbath, the ceremo-

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nial preparation and eating of prescribed foods, and even, — at the republican epoch, — the rite of circumcision. The abstract monotheism of the Jews attracted the pagans, who no longer believed in the current mythology, even when tricked out in philosophical allegories. But the social tendencies inherent in Judaism shocked and outraged beyond all bearing the susceptibilities of every "right-thinking" man in the ancient world.

The systems of government then in vogue, — whether pure despotism or oligarchic aristocracy or the democratic *Polis* of the Hellenes, — could not but regard with a malevolent eye an ethico-political philosophy which differed so radically from all accepted standards. The law of the ancient State and City was based upon class divisions, hereditary privileges, induced and artificial inequality, authority, unlimited executive powers, censorship, and the army. We have seen that the idealistic Socialism of Deuteronomy rejected these bases of social order in favor of the affirmation of social justice. By reason of this very fact, the Jews could not maintain their State among the States of antiquity and were fated to become the revolutionary leaven of the universe. The Jewish genius has wrought greater things for humanity than for its nation. And the Jewish Dispersion has been the logical outcome of this transcendental enthusiasm, of this predestination to self-sacrifice and martyrdom, which has driven the children of Israel ceaselessly to work for the accomplishment of their historic mission as the collective Redeemer of the liberty of the peoples and Messiah of the rights of man.

The Israelite and his law were a living antithesis to the order of the ancient State, — a dumb yet eloquent reproach to its institutions. The inalienable right to private property, — then, as now, a fundamental postulate of State order, — was overset by Jewish institutions such as the Jubilee, which maintained agrarian equality and assured the just distribution of the wealth of the community. The institution of slavery came into collision with the ordinances of the Jewish law, which refused to make bondage into a State institution and, far from considering a slave as a chattel, assimilated him to the free members of the family. Supremely true to type is Haman's famous profession of anti-Jewish faith: "And Haman said unto King Ahasuerus, 'There is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the people

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in all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from all people, neither keep they the King's laws: therefore it is not for the king's profit to suffer them.'" The anti-Semites of the Middle Ages and those of modern times make abundant use of precisely the same argument. In the words of A. Amphitheatroff:

> The Hamans of all nations and of all epochs persecute the Israelites because by some mysterious detective instinct, they sense them to be the protagonists of social revolution: men organically hostile to all bureaucracy, civil or military; who oppose to the rulings of conventional law the decrees of the Eternal Morality, and who subordinate to their conscience as men their obligations as citizens. (*La Genèse de l'Antisemitisme.*)

Apart from this fundamental cause of anti-Semitism among the peoples of antiquity, a number of secondary reasons undoubtedly came into play. Jewish exclusiveness, for instance, and the competition of Israelite labor which (notably at Alexandria and Antioch) proved seriously detrimental to the interests of the slave-trade; also animosity against the Hebrew *grande bourgeoisie* which became a feature of the Dispersion. Much has been written concerning the exclusiveness of the Jews. Certain authors, such as Bernard Lazare, are disposed to blame the Israelites for the politico-religious exclusiveness which has maintained them as a nation, whereas by modifying it they could easily have preserved themselves as a church, without exciting the animosity and hatred of their neighbors. I think, with Lazare's critic, Baruch Hagani, that this attitude is altogether mistaken. Thus:

> The Jews could not possibly have conserved their identity as a mere religious community for the simple reason that, if it be true that their worship was a national worship, the worship of the peoples surrounding them was likewise municipal, or national. At Alexandria, as at Rome, they were reproached not only for following foreign customs, and obeying foreign laws, but also for sacrificing to foreign gods and refusing to bow the knee to the deities of the neighborhood. And the religions that issued from Judaism, although more universalist in their principles, in no wise modified this state of affairs; there was no part or lot in the Christian State or the Mussulman city, — any more than in the ancient *urbs*, — for the outcast people. The principle of the necessity of separating the Temporal and Spiritual Powers which seems to us in these days a self-evident proposition, is quite a recent notion, and has not yet been fully accepted everywhere. In older times, civics and piety were indistinguishable; and the victors were accustomed to impose their gods upon the vanquished, together with their laws.

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> It is, therefore, false to say that the Jews could have survived as a church, if they had been willing to accept the civil laws of the pagans; and I do not see, for instance, that the divinities of Gaul were able long to survive the Roman conquest. . . . Jewish exclusiveness, which certainly exists, is simply the counterpart of non-Jewish exclusiveness: this is what Bernard Lazare should in fairness have made clear."

The Jewish bourgeoisie, — the formation of which dates back to the Babylonian captivity, when it could give itself up without hindrance or scruple to usury and banking operations, forbidden in Judea, — rapidly developed in Suza, Antioch, Alexandria, and Rome, and later established a foothold in Palestine itself. The speedy growth of Jewish capitalism in the dispersion naturally attracted enemies: likewise the policy of the Jewish bourgeois, — those princes in exile, — who invariably placed themselves under the immediate protection of the heads of the Gentile States in which they happened to live. Foreigners, and particularly the foreign protégés of the powers that be, are always and everywhere detested; above all when in exchange for the benefit of official protection, they go out of their way to flaunt a sycophantic loyalty at any price, or (which was all too frequent among the Jews) to display, on appropriate occasions, an opportunist mentality. Rabbi Khanina taught, in the second century of our era: "Pray for the existing authorities; for, without them, men would devour one another."

In conformity with this maxim, a considerable section of the wealthy Jews habitually knuckled under to all sorts and conditions of principalities and powers, blissfully regardless of what their origin or tendencies might be.

With the constitution of Hebrew colonies in Europe, — colonies of which the members were Jewish prisoners-of-war, transplanted by the Romans in Gaul, on the Rhine, and in Spain, — anti-Judaism gathered new strength and energy. In every land the Israelites soon formed an alien minority, caged up in the Ghettos, and persecuted by the priests of Christianity which, beginning as an obscure Jewish heresy, ended as the dominant religion of Europe. An opinion still survives crediting Christianity (that is "Churchianity") with the preservation of the Jewish people for two thousand years. Now, Christianity has formed the mentality of the various European nations and has thus exerted a

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preponderating influence upon the civilization of that continent; for Christianity was (and to some extent still remains) a great *political* force. But this same Christianity has forced the Jewish people to live as outcasts and vagabonds and has done its uttermost to wipe them out. Of course, Christianity, — being nothing more than a neo-Judaism, — could neither absorb the Jews nor exterminate them; for the Bible, which possesses the same sanctity for Christians as for Jews, served as shield and buckler for the Chosen People. But all this does not prevent that singular "Christian", Lord Alfred Douglas, from writing, in his recently published *In Excelsis*, a sonnet beginning thus:

> *The leprous spawn of scattered Israel*
> *Spreads its contagion in your English blood!*

In certain States, however, such as Poland, the situation of the Jews was relatively tolerable, because they exercised a useful economic function favorable to the nascent commerce of the country. But in proportion as the active element succeeded in organizing itself, the Israelite became a dangerous competitor, calling for stringent measures of protection. Legalized economic and social boycott is still one of the recognized forms of anti-Semitism.

Hence, in virtue of its structure and its manners, the Judaism of the Diaspora performed, from the social point of view, the useful function of a revolutionary leaven, and was a power for progress: on the other hand, thanks to the opportunist policy of their bourgeoisie hand-in-hand with the despotic Governments which extended it protection, the ancient Jewish colonies constituted an element of social conservatism. Politically, the Diaspora worked for reaction: socially, for the liberation of mankind. Pull devil — pull baker! But the social influence of the Hebrews proved more vital and more vigorous than its political counterpart; and Eastern potentates and Western kings continually employed their royal energies in the framing-up of pogroms only less horrible than those that disgrace the epoch in which we live.

This twofold influence of Judaism has persisted through the ages down to our own days; but as the Jew has scarcely ever been systematically studied except as a bowler-hatted bourgeois, the multitude, which is really characteristic of the na-

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tion, is almost universally unknown. Bernard Lazare is worth quoting on this point:

> Jewish historians have hitherto confined themselves to writing the history of the Jewish bourgeoisie for the benefit of their Jewish bourgeois contemporaries. Their history has been exclusively an apologetic history of the Jews in relation to the Christians, a history composed with the express purpose of demonstrating the progressive efforts of the Jews in the direction of assimilation (which is false to fact). They have had one constant aim and anxiety: not to write the history of the Jews as a nation.

From this one-sidedness has resulted the notion, common enough in non-Jewish circles, that the Hebrew bourgeoisie is the personification of the nation, — that "bourgeois" and "Jew" are, in effect, synonymous terms. Karl Marx paid tribute to this vulgar error when, in one of his early articles he wrote: "The emancipation of the Jews will be the emancipation of Europe from the Jews" (that is, from the clutches of the Jewish bourgeoisie). The Jewish bourgeoisie is a product of anti-Semitism. It was an instrument whereby the beleaguered nation sought to defend itself against its encircling foes, — a cuirass, so to speak, buckled on in the certainty of a long and embittered combat. The unholy war has continued for an unconscionable time; the cuirass has stuck, in places, to the body, and its removal would be a painful operation. No matter; the cuirass is not the body. To change the metaphor, the Jewish bourgeoisie despite its numbers and importance, is far from constituting an essential stratum in the bedrock of the Jewish nation. It is only an alluvial deposit of comparatively recent formation.

In 1789 the Israelites received their formal enfranchisement. This was the natural result of the confluence of two strong currents, in philosophy and economics, which, however, by no means implied any mitigation of age-long prejudices or of "Christian" habits of thinking. Decreed by law, but unassimilated by the customs of the various nations, the propriety of emancipating the Jews never ceased to be controverted during the course of the nineteenth century; and it is still a "burning question" of the day.

The anti-Semitism barometer rises and falls in sympathy with the waxing or waning of the forces of reaction. For anti-Semitism is a monstrous survival of the past: no progressive movement has

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ever incorporated this "Socialism of Idiots", as Bebel once called it. On the other hand, no retrograde current has ever been exempt from it. Anti-Semitism is wedded to reaction, and no man can put these twain asunder. In politics, it has ever been the most obedient, humble servant of despotism and monarchy; in religion it ministers to the most odious prejudice and superstitions; in matters social, it savagely opposes the ideal of equality and fraternity of which Israel was the herald and the first exponent.

Anti-Semitism is the supreme protest of the spirit of slavery against the genius of freedom marching forward to the conquest of the world. And hence it is that it can never be destroyed, save in a society whence slavery, however brought about, — whether by the agency of men, or by the fact of institutions, or by the oppression of capital, — has for evermore been banished.

It only remains to add that the writer of this paper is neither by race nor by religious tradition a member of the Jewish or Semitic peoples.

LIGHTLY

LIGHTLY come, then lightly go.
Must you wrap solemnities
Of wool round Love's cherubic knees
When he would frolic in the snow?
Turn him sarkless to the breeze,
Smile or sorrow, as you please,
But let him lightly, lightly go.

—*Marie Emilie Gilchrist*

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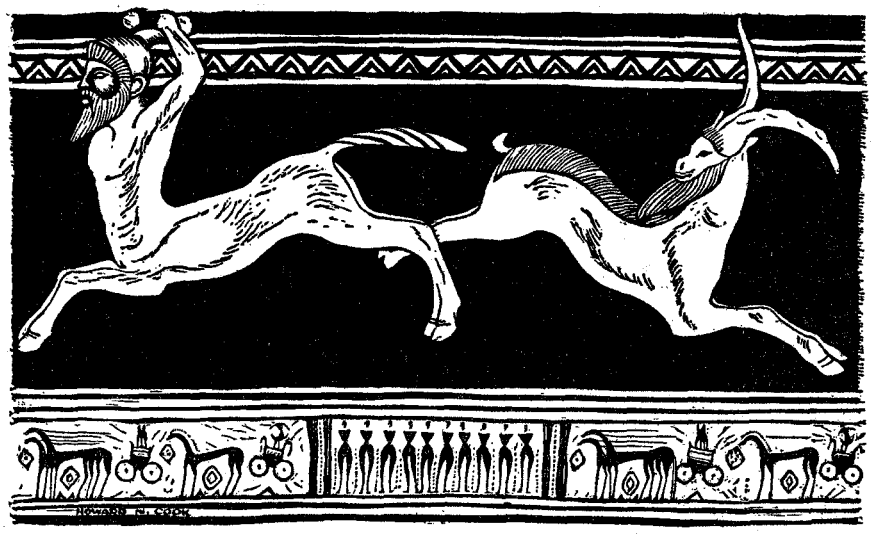

ISKANDER-ZULKARNAIN

BY N. POLOTSVOFF

Iskander-Zulkarnain is the name under which Alexander the Great is known to the Moslem World. It is met with in many parts of Asia, but nowhere with such an intense feeling of actuality as in Samarcand.

A SINGLE glance at the valley in which Samarcand is built would prove that human life must have prospered here since time immemorial. It is the valley of the River Zerafshan, which in Persian means "the gold-strewer", but speaking more accurately, it is an undulating plain with a wall of high mountains bordering it on the south, while on the north a distant chain of hills blots out part of the horizon, without closing it in.

The general aspect of the landscape is enchanting; there is a breadth about it and an elegance of flowing lines which makes it attractive at first sight; besides, it is clearly apparent that the oldest caravan routes of Asia were bound to pass here, as this is the natural crossing of the ways, the unavoidable meeting-place of tradesmen coming from China, India, Kabul, Iran, Sokhara, and the Turanian steppes. Who were the first to settle here? Some day scientific excavations may be able to solve the question.

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For the present every Samarcandi knows for a certainty that his town was built by King Samar very long ago. But how long ago was it? Who was King Samar and what else did he do? About that no one has any information. There must have been a Samar as the second part of the city's name, "cand", means town, whereas nobody knows the first part, "Samar", to mean anything by itself. So it must be the name of the man who founded the town, and after whom it was called. I have never been able to elicit a more plausible explanation.

The first time, to our knowledge, that Samarcand played a part in history, was during the Macedonian conquest. The incredible adventure of the Greek Army marching through Persia right down to India has never been forgotten, and the wonderful personality of Alexander the Great has left a deep imprint all over Central Asia. Not only was his invasion the dawn of a new era; not only did the Greek settlements, which he so carefully fostered, act as a ferment of new life and new ideas, but the peculiar characteristics of the man who had brought all this from a far-off land were so powerful and so delightful that nearly every spot he visited has gratefully preserved his memory. Reminiscenses about him crop up in the most unexpected places. Speaking once to Iskander Khan, the lawful sovereign of distant Badakshan, now dethroned by the Afghans, I asked him if he had not been so called in honor of the great Macedonian, and what was my amazement to learn that he considered himself the direct offspring of Alexander's stock, through some fifty-five or sixty generations, the genealogical descent of which he was able to write out at once.

The name of Iskander-Zulkarnain, the "Two-horned Alexander", was so deeply rooted in the people's affections, that even Islam was powerless against it and had to adopt the hero for its own. According to the prevailing belief, Alexander is one of the very few men chosen by Allah for a divine mission and bearing the seal of the Almighty, on a par with Mahomet. As for the unexpected surname of "two-horned", it probably comes from the coins of the Diadochs which bear on the obverse Alexander's idealized profile with a ram's skin for headgear, the horns of the ram entwining the ears, though, according to Moslem glossaries, it means, "Master of both halves of the world."

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After the tragic circumstances of Darius's death and Alexander's pursuit of the murderer, the road through what is now Mishapur, Meshed, Merv, and Bokhara brought the army to Samarcand, or Maracanda, as Plutarch and Curtius call it. The importance of the place, as it already was at that time, is manifest when we remember that Alexander thought it worth his while to spend two years in the city. It was evidently both a centre of political interests and the key to supremacy over the countries which lay beyond it. Undoubtedly, it was also a charming place to stay in, though one at least of the local conditions reacted unfavorably on the great conqueror's reputation.

The soft, voluptuous life in this land of plenty played Capua to the invincible Greeks, and the grapes which seem to spring up spontaneously wherever a drop of moisture touches the soil, tempted both master and men to over-indulgence in wine. Clitus perished in Samarcand, a victim of Alexander's drunkenness, but did any one of those historians who condemned the murderer ascertain the true reason of Alexander's unwonted brutality? The Greeks were accustomed at home to quench their thirst out of pure mountain springs with

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only an occasional drinking bout of wine, which even then was invariably mixed with water. When after many hardships they came to this distant part of Asia, they had to make the best of the local peculiarities. One of these is the absence of pure water. The yellow clay soil, wherever a stream runs over it, is dissolved at once, and every river, every canal is full of a thick, brownish liquid. However precious this may be as a fertilizer, besides being perfectly innocuous to the health, it is distinctly unpleasant to the palate, unless sifted and cooled.

On the other hand, wine was always plentiful, and I do not believe that in abundance and variety of grapes any other country can compete with the Zerafshan Valley. The climate is dry and extremely hot in the summer. In the fourth century B.C. there had not been as much labor spent on irrigation as there is now. The oases were probably much smaller, and there was consequently less dampness in the air. As it is, even now, with trees growing thick over large tracts of land, the dryness strikes newcomers; they are astonished to see how quickly perspiration evaporates, and, till one gets accustomed to the place, one is perpetually thirsty. Of course, the Greeks took to wine, but gave up mixing it with water, the latter being always muddy, and drank it pure. On the other hand, owing to the nature of the soil, the vintages of the country are strong and rich in alcohol, so willy-nilly the conquerors of Asia were very often in their cups. I believe, therefore, that the murder of poor, tactless Clitus was more a consequence of the natural conditions of Samarcand, than of a criminal outburst on Alexander's part, as the sincerity of his repentance likewise proved.

The demigod who had already seen the most renowed cities of the world at his feet, to whom Memphis, Babylon, Susa, Ectbatana, Rhagae, Tyre, and Sidon had given up their treasures, was unable for two years to tear himself away from Samarcand. Did he actually live on the spot which owes its later beauty to Timoor? Probably the "kalah" or mediaeval fortress, built on the highest spot, not far from the river, was his residence, in accordance with those unvarying rules which make the master of an Asiatic land dwell on an eminence from which he can watch in comparative security what is going on around. That point can only be elucidated by systematic excavation, and in its present state the

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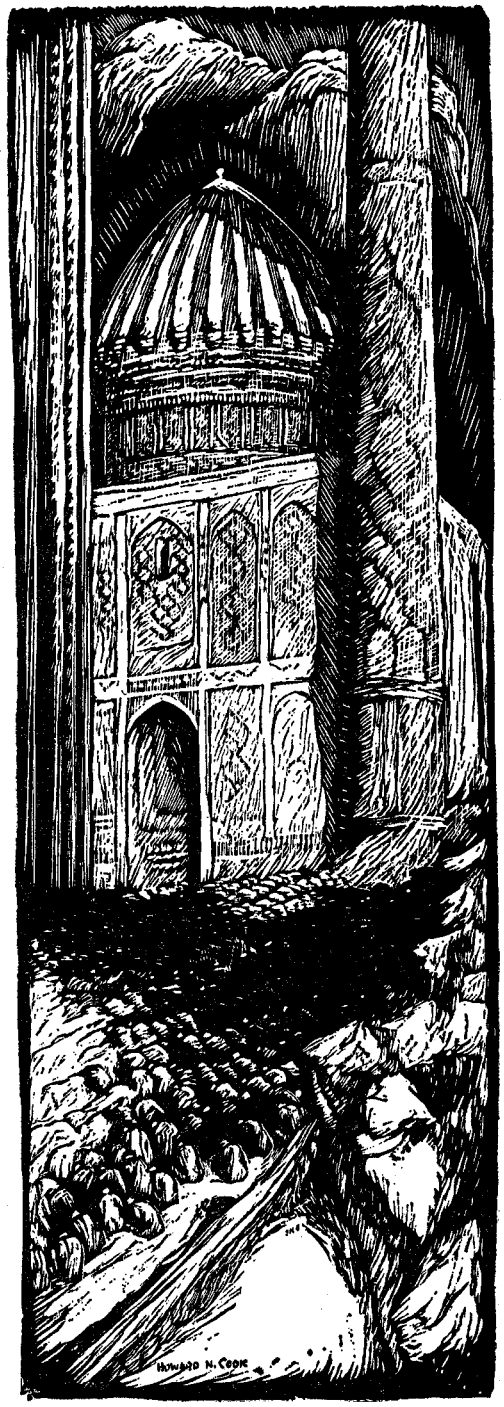
Kalah bears no trace of Alexander; turned into an arsenal, it religiously preserves but one magnificent relic, the "Kok-tash" or "blue stone", the throne of Samarcand in Moslem days. It is a huge block of gray marble, carved in the Persian style, and upon it tradition says that every master of Samarcand was lifted, when conquest or election had given him the city. He was first placed erect on a white felt mat, and then hoisted up and exposed to all eyes on the Kok-tash, amidst the acclamations of his followers. This was the necessary consecration of his power. A vaulted chamber has been built round three sides of the throne, and an iron grating makes it accessible to visitors from the front. But this is the only vestige of the past which the Kalah has retained.



The plain beyond it, called Afrosiab, now waterless and desert, was the site of the Greek town. It has never been explored, but every year, after the winter rains, small objects are washed out there, which all denote a Greek origin,—

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coins, potsherds, small gems, sometimes Greek swords have emerged from the mud. Once, many years ago a misguided amateur archeologist blew up part of the ground with dynamite, but this misspent energy naturally led to no discoveries. So that up to now Alexander's colony remains a barren waste which may probably become some day a rich field for excavations. It stretches off to the northeast and merges into a steppe, equally scorched and gray, but marked by a rather definite limit, where the site of the former settlement comes to an end. At present, one meets here with pictures which are no more connected with Alexander's epoch, though the bare fact of Afrosiab being their background gives them a fascination of their own.

The first time I was riding alone in that direction I met two children with a goat; the goat was obstinate and refused to go where she was led, so one of the boys tried to drag her by the horns, while the other pushed from behind. It reminded me of those groups, borrowed from antique life, which were such favorites in late eighteenth century art. Everyone concerned was enjoying himself; the youngsters laughing and the goat prancing about. It all looked so merry and graceful that it might have been put there in the midst of this ruinous desolation just for a contrast. Of course, I at once joined in the fun, and the boys began insisting that I should buy the goat.

"But what should I do with it?" said I.

"Give it for a game of kok-buri," said they.

Now, "kok-buri" meaning "gray wolf" is the favorite national sport. A goat is killed (ritualistically so as to be lawful food later on) and one man gallops off holding it under his knee. Other horsemen, sometimes a huge crowd of them, try to take it away, and the wretched carcass is snatched and torn and twisted from one saddle to another. The one who has been able to keep it longest, or to get it back several times, wins it for a prize.

It requires a firm grip and much agility to distinguish oneself in such a game. The horses often seem to enjoy and understand it as much as the men; they kick and rear, bite at their neighbors and push through in order to get near the goat-bearer who is at last surrounded by a dense ring of competitors, all shouting and yelling at the top of their voices. Either he or his successful rival has to tear through the crowd and gallop off in a new direction, while

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all the rest are in hot pursuit after him. As the natives are very good horsemen, I have seldom seen any of them unsaddled during a match of kok-buri, though it is difficult to understand how they manage to keep their seats. Saddle-girths, however, snap sometimes in the turmoil and accidents are not infrequent.

It was such a kind of game that the goat boys were suggesting. "But," said I, "supposing we kill the goat, where are the horsemen who are to fight for the prize?"

"The prize," said they, "is the rare thing. If only it is there, men will appear to deserve it."

I weakly yielded, and the little villains at once performed the sacrifice. There was no altar, no incense, no garlands, otherwise the mock-antique ceremony was celebrated with perfect seriousness. We duly bled the poor beast and as chance would have it, two men rode by. We told them that we were ready for a game and they galloped off to gather friends. Twenty minutes later we already had half a dozen candidates. So it was all settled; there was the prize and there were the sportsmen. I was to be umpire and the two boys would do duty for an audience.

At first all went on quite smoothly, but soon the man who had secured the goat appeared to have a much stronger horse than the other ones. They cantered about vaguely after him, then came back and stared and grinned at me while their friend vanished on the horizon and was gone. Then we all burst out laughing, for the whole thing had been a joke to cheat me out of a few roubles, while it supplied the rest of the company with a good supper. They were delighted to see me enjoy the fun as much as they did themselves, so we parted the best of friends. Such was my first impression of Afrosiab.

I have often returned there to ponder over its possibilities without being able to start a systematic exploration of the place, but I have no doubt that a most eloquent picture of Alexander's epoch is buried in that soil and might easily be brought to light. The Greek settlement went on prospering for a long time; after the disruption of Alexander's empire, it became the capital of Sogdiana, at certain times subject to Bactria and at others in revolt against it, till little by little the ideals which had been brought here from distant Europe were gradually modified under the influence of the surrounding atmosphere and were eventually

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submerged by the ocean of Asiatic barbarity. In the course of those four centuries when the Sassanian dynasty attempted to bind together most of the lands of the ancient Persian Empire, from the third to the seventh century of our era, Samarcand was a distant outpost of civilization on the border of the central Asiatic steppes from where so many different invasions of nomads were still to pour down. Then after Islam had smashed and destroyed the neo-Persian Kingdom, fresh centres of a new culture arose, and out of their number Samarcand little by little became an important city till Timoor chose her for his capital and made her what she is even now. Her dry earth has surely kept vestiges of all those epochs of her past and her store of Greek remains cannot but be of considerable interest. Treasures are continually found which are mostly lost to science, though some of them have ended by reaching the local museum.

Once, as I was passing through, I heard that in the Jewish Ghetto a man had been digging a well in his yard and had come upon a pot full of gold coins. I rushed there at once. The fellow denied the rumor, assuring me that the pot contained but a single coin which he produced, but which was so rubbed and worn that no trace of relief remained upon it. The only thing that might be asserted about it was that it belonged to the pre-Islamic times. I suspected the man of having kept this one coin and of showing it in order to avoid questions about the others, but whatever the truth may have been, I knew I would never see the whole of the find. He was quite willing, however, to show me the exact spot where it had come to light and to help me with further excavations. So I set to work, and in the course of a couple of days extracted from under his house four terra cotta coffins of undoubtedly Greek origin. They were each about two feet long and one foot deep, and bore on the front side coarse ornaments of a debased Greek style, mostly masks and wreaths. There were no lids to them, flat bricks having been used for covers. Inside were bones, not whole skeletons, but bones from various bodies mixed up together. The flesh had been boiled off and these boxes apparently served for keeping the bones only. Now the burying of bones after they have been cleaned from flesh is a very ancient custom in some parts of Asia, and testimonials exist to the effect that even after the advent of the Moslem faith this custom took a

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long time to die out, notwithstanding its being totally against Mahomet's teaching.

These four little coffins, by their contents and decorations, bore evidence of a strange mixture of Greek traditions in art and Asiatic beliefs in religious rites. I should think they belonged to a time when the Greeks were losing the mark of their origin, and were being invaded by the local influences. To me they appeared as a vivid and pathetic illustration of the failure of Alexander's Utopian dream. He had attempted to bring together all the best of what he could find in the human race; he had hoped by blending together far-distant peoples to graft upon each of them the highest attainments of the others, but his idealistic scheme was so much ahead of the conditions of his time that it was doomed to failure.

Poor, ignorant, lazy humanity, dragged on by the superman along a path which it was unable to understand, was but superficially stirred by his bold plan, and after his disappearance, it easily reverted along the line of least resistance to the dictates of every-day needs. In this first historical encounter of East and West the short and brilliant victory of the latter was soon wiped out by the heavy, stubborn, elemental resistance of the former. Asia stifled the conqueror's scheme in her inert embrace and a dense jungle obliterated very rapidly all traces of his effort. But if Alexander's memory is still alive in the Middle East, always present, though ever elusive, the documental evidence of his work is undoubtedly preserved in Afrosiab more completely than anywhere else, for if many places saw him pass, Samarcand saw him remain.

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THE SINGAPORE NAVAL BASE

HECTOR C. BYWATER

UNDER present-day conditions Great Britain's battle fleet is debarred from cruising in Eastern waters by the lack of suitable port accommodation. It is unreasonable, argues the author of "The Great Pacific War" to expect the British Empire to abstain from filling a serious gap in her defenses merely out of regard for exaggerated Japanese misgivings and international criticism. The Singapore scheme, he concludes, should prove to be a powerful factor in preserving the peace of the Pacific in the future.

THE establishment of a great naval base at Singapore for the use of the British battle fleet was foreshadowed for the first time in an almost casual announcement to Parliament on March 12, 1923. Explaining the Navy Budget for the next fiscal year, Mr. Leopold Amery, the then First Lord of the Admiralty, said, "We are beginning the creation at Singapore of a naval base capable of dealing with the requirements of a fleet of modern capital ships. At present there is no dock in British territory in the Far East capable of taking a capital ship. The ultimate cost of equipping Singapore will be £11,000,000, but it will be spread over many years." Apparently the significance of this announcement was missed at the time, for it was not referred to in the subsequent debate on the Navy Budget. Criticism first became audible some weeks later, and in the course of a further Parliamentary debate on naval policy, on May 1, 1923, the Conservative Government responsible for the decision was bitterly assailed by Liberals and Laborites.

In defense of the Singapore scheme, Admiralty spokesmen pointed out that it had been approved by the Dominion Conference in 1921, that the Committee of Imperial Defense, — a permanent body consisting of the Government executives of the day and representatives of all the combatant forces, — had strongly recommended it, and that the Dominions were wholeheartedly in sympathy with the project. This assurance did not prevent Mr. (now Lord) Asquith, as leader of the Liberal party, from roundly denouncing the scheme as wasteful, politically and strategically unsound, and from every point of view unnecessary. There was much talk of the detrimental effect which the construction of a naval base at Singapore would have on Britain's relations with her old ally and traditional friend Japan.

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These strictures drew a sharp retort from the Government, and incidentally caused more light to be shed on the precise nature of the work in view. The proposal, as stated by the First Lord of the Admiralty, was "to have at Singapore an effective repair and docking base in every sense of the word, and to have a graving dock capable of holding the largest modern capital ships. We shall probably have a floating dock as well," he added. "We shall certainly have all the workshops, stores of reserve ammunition, and all the other equipment of a good-sized base from which the fleet could work if an emergency should possibly come." That the scheme involved any infringement of the letter or the spirit of the Washington Treaty was categorically denied. At the time of the Naval Conference all the Powers were aware, it was claimed, of Britain's intention to develop a base at Singapore, for which reason that place was expressly excluded from the zone in which no new naval bases or fortifications were to be erected.

Very little progress was made with the works at Singapore during the remainder of 1923, nor were heavy financial commitments entered into on this head, a fact which doubtless influenced the decision of the Labor Government when it assumed office early in 1924. On March 18 of that year it was notified in Parliament "that the Government, after full consideration of all the relevant facts and consultation with the Dominions overseas, had decided not to proceed further with the Singapore scheme." A storm of indignation from the Conservative benches greeted this announcement, nor was it allayed when the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, read to the House the correspondence which had passed between Downing Street and the Dominion Governments on this question. The gist of his communication was that Canada and the Irish Free State maintained a neutral attitude, each preferring not to offer advice; that Australia and New Zealand emphatically urged the completion of the base; that South Africa, represented by General Smuts, was just as strongly opposed to it; and that the attitude of India was indeterminate. Mr. Macdonald himself did not disguise the fact that the Labor Government, while recognizing the military value of the new base, preferred deliberately to forego that advantage for the sake of making a moral gesture in the cause of international peace, goodwill, and disarmament.

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The following extracts from official documents show how strongly the Australian and New Zealand Governments felt on this subject: "The desire of Australia is for a better understanding among the nations and a definite reduction of armaments on every possible occasion. They consider, however, that the action proposed (that is, abandonment of the Singapore base), instead of assisting the policy of peace will jeopardise it, in that any reduction in the mobility of the fleet will reduce our influence in the councils of the nations." The New Zealand Government wrote: "We attach great importance to the development of the base, our opinion being founded mainly on grounds of naval strategy. While laying stress on the view that it is for defensive and not offensive purposes, we feel that the British Empire in the future will be endangered should our naval ships be unable to operate in these waters, and that the time has not yet come to rely solely on the influence for peace of the League of Nations."

In pursuance of the Home Government's decision, such preliminary work as had been undertaken on the new base was now discontinued. It was, however, fairly obvious that if the Conservatives returned to power the scheme would be at once revived. That is what happened. One of the first acts of the Baldwin Government which succeeded the short-lived Labor administration was to order the resumption of work on the Singapore base. Commenting on this move, the London "Times" of March 5, 1925, wrote: "Beyond some waste of time, material, and money, the recent interruption has not had serious consequences. The work can be taken up where it was left." A reduction of £500,000 had meanwhile been effected in the initial estimate of cost, and the prospective expenditure on the new base now stands at £10,500,000, made up of the following items: (1) wharves, basins, railways, roads, dredging berth for the floating dock, £5,100,000; (2) graving dock, £1,000,000; (3) offices, dwellings, and other buildings, £420,000; (4) workshops, storehouses, magazines, £1,780,000; (5) contingencies, £1,200,000; (6) machinery, £1,100,000.

Singapore has been a fortified station for the British Navy ever since 1882. The harbor works and fueling depot used by men-of-war are on the southeastern side of the island, adjacent to the city of Singapore. The harbor itself is a magnificent sheet

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of water, studded with islands, leading up to the sheltered roadstead "where countless ships can lie untroubled by the storms and squalls which vex the tropical seas." Since the island passed under British rule in 1817 it has become the greatest trading centre of Middle Asia, and may literally be described as the gateway of the Far East. Into its spacious harbor come craft of every description: native junks and sampans laden with the rubber and mineral treasures of Malaya, larger vessels with cargoes of produce and manufactured goods from China and Japan, and great steamers bringing wool and meat from Australia. The volume of tonnage entering the port every year exceeds that of Hull, Bristol, Glasgow, and Southampton combined. The harbor is well furnished with docks, wharves, magazines, and repair shops, which have hitherto been available for men-of-war; but the modern battleship has outgrown the largest of the docks at Singapore, while the increasing congestion of merchants' traffic in the port renders it inconvenient for naval purposes. Hence the decision to establish an entirely new naval base on the northern side of the island.

Singapore is twenty-seven miles long by fourteen miles wide, with an area of two hundred and seventeen square miles. From the southern extremity of the Malay Peninsula it is separated by a strait three-quarters of a mile in width, communication between the island and mainland being maintained by a railroad causeway across the strait. The site of the new base lies to the east of this causeway, through which a breach is to be cut, — probably spanned by a high bridge, — so that ships can approach the base either from the east or the west. It is evident that the works are planned on an imposing scale. For the cleaning and repair of battleships there is to be a double dry dock, large enough to accommodate two of the mightiest dreadnaughts at the same time. A third vessel of this type can be placed in a huge floating dock, which is to be towed out from England. In all, therefore, three battleships can be simultaneously taken in hand for repair when the new yard is in commission. There will be, in addition, docks and slipways for smaller vessels, machine shops and other plant, fuel depots, ammunition magazines, barracks, and probably an aviation station. In fact, the new navy yard at Singapore seems likely to become the largest and best-equipped fleet base

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in or near the Pacific. It will surpass the American base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, in all respects, and only be rivaled by the great Japanese yards of Kure and Yokosuka. The estimated cost of £10,500,000 does not include any expenditure for defense, the necessity of which will impose a heavy additional charge.

There is nothing obscure as to the motives which have prompted Great Britain to develop at Singapore a fleet base of the first rank. Under present-day conditions her battle fleet is debarred from cruising in Eastern waters by the lack of suitable port accommodation. All her most powerful battleships are now provided with anti-torpedo bulges, or "blisters", and their breadth has been so increased by this fitting that they are unable to enter docks of normal dimensions. Yet unless a warship is docked at frequent intervals, her underbody becomes foul and her speed declines. Essential even in peace, docks are an absolutely vital factor in war time. For all practical purposes, therefore, the Pacific is and will remain closed to the British Navy until such time as docking facilities are available for its battleships.

The magnitude of Britain's stake in Eastern waters sufficiently explains the anxiety of her strategists to bring that sea within the navy's radius of action. She has vast territorial possessions to guard: the Straits Settlements themselves, Australia, New Zealand, Hongkong, and numerous islands large and small look to her for protection, and must look in vain so long as her fleet is tied to European seas through want of requisite base accommodation further afield. Britain's trade with the East is not only one of the main pillars of her economic structure, it is at the same time indispensable to her very existence. Each week six million tons of food and twenty million tons of raw material, with an aggregate value of £17,500,000, are landed in Great Britain. These imports are carried mainly in British ships, of which there are every day at sea no less than 1400, each of more than 3000 tons, scattered over 80,000 miles of maritime trade routes. A large proportion of this traffic is afloat to the eastward of Suez, and therefore within the Singapore zone of influence. Shipping statistics show that at any given moment Britain has £160,000,000 worth of trade within that zone. From the same area she derives almost the whole of her supplies of tea, jute, and zinc ore,

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ninety per cent of her rubber, eighty-nine per cent of her wool, seventy-seven per cent of her hemp, sixty-three per cent of her rice, fifty-seven per cent of her tin, fifty per cent of her butter and cheese, a heavy percentage of her frozen meat, oils, and various other commodities. Even a partial or temporary stoppage of this flow of sustenance would react with disastrous effect on her economic and social system.

Such, then, are the comprehensive interests, territorial and commercial, which Britain must insure against possible attack if she is to live in reasonable security. That they are not so insured to-day is evident. "In all those Eastern waters," said the First Lord of the Admiralty in May, 1923, "with such immense consequences to this country from a strategical point of view and for the defense of the Empire, we are absolutely helpless and reliant upon the good will of a friendly and former allied Power. No self-respecting Power can afford to be dependent upon another for its security and its very existence." The pointed reference to Japan in this and other speeches by British officials has inevitably attracted attention in Japan itself. There is no doubt that Japanese opinion is perturbed by the Singapore scheme, which has given a handle to alarmists. They profess to see in it a further proof of the steady encroachment of Western influence in the Far East, and a logical development of America's exclusionist legislation. Preposterous as the idea seems to us, it is only too clear that many Japanese sincerely believe that the white nations, under the leadership of Britain and the United States, are determined to exploit for their own benefit the riches of East Asia, while Japan, overawed by a display of armed force, is kept in the background. They refuse to accept the holding of the great American manoeuvres off Hawaii, the subsequent visit of the United States fleet to Australia, and the resumption of work on the British base at Singapore merely as coincident events bearing no relation one to the other. In Japanese eyes they appear as so many moves in a well-concerted plan.

It is profoundly to be regretted that such an impression should be left on the Japanese mind. One can only hope that maturer consideration of the facts and circumstances will reveal them in another light. Be that as it may, the British Empire can hardly be expected to abstain from filling a serious gap in its defenses

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merely out of regard for the feelings of Japan. Singapore is in every sense an Imperial issue. Were the Home Government in London to ignore the wishes of Australia and New Zealand in this matter, a severe strain might be placed on the loyalty of those Dominions. When the German menace grew up in the North Sea, they built warships at their own expense and sent them to join the British fleet for the defense of England, though the immediate point of danger was half a world away from their own shores. When the great conflict broke out, they sent the flower of their manhood to fight in France and Gallipoli. Englishmen have not forgotten these things. They feel that since their kindred in Australasia regard a great naval base at Singapore as necessary to their safety, that base should and must be built, even though foreign susceptibilities may be injured thereby.

In effect, however, there is no real foundation for Japanese misgivings with regard to Singapore. A glance at the map will make this plain. If Britain nourished aggressive designs against Japan, Singapore is not the place she would choose as the focal point of her naval power in the Orient. All naval authorities agree that 3500 miles is the extreme limit of endurance for a modern battle fleet under war conditions. By the time it had traversed that distance its fuel would be exhausted. Such a fleet is therefore limited to a range of 1750 miles when operating from a base to which it must return. Now the map shows Singapore to be distant nearly 2400 miles from the coast of Japan and some 1500 miles from Formosa, the southernmost Japanese possession. It follows that a fleet based on Singapore would be physically incapable of making an attack on Japan proper. Formosa, it is true, would be theoretically within reach, but to imagine that a fleet would set out to attack hostile territory 1500 miles away from its base, and where it would be exposed to counter-attack in force by the defending navy, is to go far beyond the limits of practical strategy.

For these reasons it is demonstrably true to affirm that the new British base at Singapore implies no shadow of a menace to Japan. Nor can it be held to endanger the safety of Japanese communications, as some Oriental critics contend. In the happily improbable event of war with Britain, Japan's communications with Europe must in any case be cut off at once. But her really

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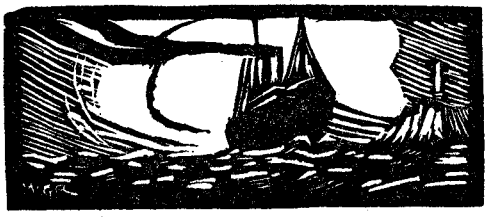
important lines of supply in war time would be not with Europe but with the Asiatic mainland, and these lie well out of range of a fleet operating from Singapore. On the other hand, the defensive value to the British Empire of a great naval base in Malaya would be difficult to overestimate. With a strong British fleet pivoting on that base there would be no fear of an Asiatic power attempting the invasion of Australia, for an invading expedition never starts unless it knows its line of communication to be assured. The same fleet would also stand guard over the Indian Ocean, the approaches to which now lie open.

With no battleship base nearer east than Malta, — six thousand miles from Singapore, — Britain must perforce keep her main fleet in Europe, nor could she despatch it to the Pacific, however grave the emergency, unless adequate port facilities awaited it there, which is not the case at present. As a result, British naval power east of the Mediterranean is represented only by cruiser squadrons in the Indian Ocean and the China Seas, which in time of need would be joined by the exiguous naval forces of Australasia, amounting to a few cruisers and destroyers. Were the slightest symptom of trouble perceptible in the Pacific zone, this state of affairs would justifiably give rise to serious apprehension throughout the British Empire. Fortunately the political horizon in the East is unclouded for the present, and long may it remain so. The Singapore scheme would be open to criticism if weakness offered the surest immunity from attack, but since the teaching of history is all to the contrary it is not unreasonable to assume that the new British naval base will be a powerful factor in preserving the peace of the Pacific.



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WHERE CAN MAN BEST LIVE?

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

Eighth Paper in the "War or Peace?" Series

FORMER contributors to this series have pointed to the Polar regions and the tropics as unexploited sources of food to take care of the rapid increase of the world's population and thereby to reduce the menace of one of the greatest sources of war, namely hunger. Mr. Huntington is skeptical; he believes that the hope of the future lies not in increasing the food supply but in scientifically diminishing the birthrate of incompetents. The right kind of man will produce a surplus of food almost anywhere.

My good friend Stefansson invites me to the Friendly Arctic; my good friend Spinden urges me to settle in the Friendly Tropics; my good friend East bids me stay where I am in a flourishing centre of Nordic culture. What shall I do? I should hugely enjoy a year or two of herding ovibos, — I suppose one would ride the biggest reindeer. I have always dreamed of a time when I could enjoy the wonders of tropical scenery without fear of mosquitoes, ticks, or internal parasites. Nevertheless it is like pulling teeth to leave home. But the Arctic and the tropics both offer such splendid opportunities, — and both are so friendly, — perhaps I really ought to pack up my trunk and go into reindeer meat or quinine. I am sure it would pay better than writing for the FORUM, even in its present halcyon days. But are my wife, my three children, and myself well fitted for life in the Arctic or the tropics? If we went to the one place or the other would we retain our health? If we retained our health would we find that we had the right temperaments for the new environment? And if both health and temperament were right and we made a great success, how long would we and our descendants remain in the new home?

All this may sound facetious, but it strikes at the root of the whole problem of peace and war, of over-population and under-population, of progress and stagnation. The *kind* of people who live in a country is vastly more important than the number. I agree with Mr. Stefansson that the combination of Arctic regions, reindeer, ovibos, and human skill, will produce a vast amount of meat; but I doubt whether any important centres of civilization will ever spring up in the Far North unless there is

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some marked change of climate. I agree with Dr. Spinden that the lands near the equator are capable of furnishing enormous quantities of food and raw materials, but I have grave doubts whether they will attract a high type of permanent white settler or play much part in feeding the rest of the world for many centuries to come. I think Professor East is right in saying that over-population must be warded off scientifically by intelligent and selective limitation of the birthrate or else it will lead to lowered standards of living, more sickness, a higher deathrate, wars, famines, and other disasters. But I see no reason for denying that other races, if given our opportunities and if rigidly selected, might not achieve as much as the Nordics.

The future of the world as to war, peace, and many other vital matters depends upon the kind rather than the number of people who live in different regions. An illustration will show what I mean. Suppose the United States were to undertake deliberately to create the maximum difference between itself and other countries in every sort of ability, both peaceful and warlike, — what would be the best method? Perhaps there may be better ways than the one I shall suggest, but I cannot think of them. A hundred million dollars a year would be a small matter for this rich country. We could shave that amount from our military appropriations and only a few officers and contractors would notice it. By spending that sum as I shall now suggest we could strengthen ourselves almost immeasurably more than by any amount of military preparation, and at the same time we could inflict a terrible blow upon other nations.

The way to do this would be to pick out the most competent young foreigners in all lines, — professional, political, commercial, industrial, scientific, literary, religious, artistic, and philanthropic, — and bring them to this country. Provide each one with a useful and interesting job, give him a house among congenial American neighbors. If necessary, guarantee him a salary of $10,000 a year for five years and then of $5,000 a year for the rest of his life in addition to what he could earn in his profession. Require only that each man pledge himself to bring his family (provided he has one), learn English, and stay at least ten years. Immediately after the World War very few of the young leaders of Europe could have resisted such an offer. Even now a

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large percentage would jump at the chance. In each generation an expenditure of a hundred million dollars a year in this way would bring to this country some twenty or thirty thousand families, most of whom would remain permanently. Their average ability would be that of the twenty or thirty thousand persons in *Who's Who*. Their children would be far above the average in ability, a large percentage of them would be of the *Who's Who* type, just as are the children of college professors and of the old-fashioned type of Unitarian, Congregational, Episcopal, and Presbyterian ministers. The effect of doubling the most competent parts of our population in a single generation, with a corresponding diminution in the ability of foreign countries, would be almost incalculable. It would put this country far in the lead in almost every kind of human effort.

Suppose now that we want to make still more sure of our present proud position as the world's leader in crime and wickedness. One way to do it is very easy. Put up the immigration bars much more tightly than at present, so that practically no one can enter legally, and so that it will be very hard to get in illegally. When people are once in, however, leave them perfectly free. Do not think of such a thing as deportation of illegal entrants or even of criminals, and by no means require registration of aliens. Then cause the administration of justice to be even more lax and slow than at present, and pack the courts with venal judges. The result will be that criminals and other persons with scant respect for law will try harder than ever to get into the country. Only the clever ones will succeed, as a rule. Thus we shall rapidly gather to ourselves the cream of the bold, daring, and unscrupulous from all over the world.

I do not advocate either of these policies, but each of them is actually in force in a haphazard way, although not recognized or desired by either the Government or the people. We are drawing to ourselves many of the brighter minds of the old world, especially from Russia since the World War. By our present system of restricted immigration, by our slow and uncertain methods of justice, and by our failure to register aliens and to deport alien criminals in any effective way we are also attracting the cleverest criminal elements from all over the world. It is not to be wondered at that as a nation we are brilliant, energetic,

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progressive, money-loving, erratic, and wicked. Our physical aloofness from the rest of the world, our wonderful natural opportunities, and our social and political system have combined to produce a type of natural selection which has given us that sort of immigrants. We who dwell in the United States are a selected people, and we show the qualities which naturally and inevitably result from the types of selection that have at various times been dominant. The religious type, the socially discontented type, the adventurous type, the money-loving type, the pushing and self-assertive type, the type which is willing and eager to bribe officials for the sake of relief from oppression, and the criminal and revolutionary types have all been attracted to our land in larger proportions than have those who lack these traits. No wonder we are what we are.

If undeveloped regions like the vast tracts of the Arctic and of the tropics are to be developed it can be done only by having people go there. What kind of people will go? How many will stay? How high a civilization will they be able to maintain? How effective will they be in producing surplus food for the rest of the world?

The answer to these questions depends partly on a fact which Mr. Stefansson states in his recent article. According to his somewhat optimistic estimate the whole vast grazing area of the great North will support about twenty or twenty-five head of reindeer per square mile and five or six times as many ovibos. Personally I think that bad seasons, not to mention other difficulties, will greatly reduce this estimate, but let it go at twenty-five reindeer and one hundred and twenty-five ovibos per square mile. Mr. Stefansson also tells us that in Siberia a man is not considered well-to-do unless he owns ten thousand head of reindeer, while in Lapland a man is thought prosperous if he owns several hundred. But the standard of living of the Lapps is desperately low. It is scarcely probable that people of the main European races will be content with a standard of living requiring less than fifteen hundred reindeer and ovibos per family. But even under the best circumstances that means only one family to ten square miles of grazing land, or about eighteen people per standard township six miles on a side. What about schools, physicians, hospitals, the movies, automobile roads, railroads, airplane

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service, bridge parties, and Sunday School picnics? Personally I should not mind going up to the Arctic and getting along without those things for a few years, — until I had made enough money to support a chauffeur, — but I do not see myself bringing up my family there.

I do not need to press the argument, nor do I need to point out that in spite of the alleged healthfulness of far northern regions the actual fact is that in Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Russia the deathrate rises rapidly as one goes toward the north. In view of all these facts and many others, my conclusion is that some day the Far North will be fully occupied, but except in mining centres, the population will be very sparse, for it will have almost no occupation except raising meat. The permanent port of the population will consist mainly of relatively dull, stupid, people, — the left-overs who are willing to let their children grow up in ignorance. I doubt whether they will raise such huge amounts of surplus food as is sometimes implied. In the first place the meat which they furnish must be balanced against the food grown farther south which is eaten not only by the herdsmen, but by everyone connected with the packing and transportation of the meat. In the second place the population which in due time becomes native to the Far North will probably be less efficient and hence less productive per person than is the population in more favorable climates. That is the case in northern Sweden to-day.

Is the prospect within the tropics any brighter than in the Arctic? Will the centre of civilization move toward the equator as General Gorgas surmises? Will those warm lands supply food for the rest of us? It is not safe to be too positive, but the facts thus far available suggest a negative answer in both cases. Of course all sorts of new discoveries are possible, but the only safe rule is for the present generation to rely on present knowledge, and not count on hypothetical discoveries.

The problem of whether European races can live and thrive within the tropics is past the stage when mere opinions count for anything. Here, in a nutshell, are the facts concerning health and efficiency. First, it is practically certain that modern medical and sanitary discoveries have made it possible to eliminate practically all the more dangerous tropical diseases. That is one

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of the greatest of human achievements. But its greatness must not blind us to the limitations imposed by a second great fact. Even if specific diseases like malaria, yellow fever, hookworm, and sleeping sickness should all be eliminated, it is practically certain that the health and vigor of tropical people will not equal those of people in more bracing climates. A large number of tests made by many people in many different ways show beyond question that at high temperatures there is a marked decline in the resistance of people of European blood to fatigue and disease and in their inclination to work. The exact temperature where this decline begins varies according to the humidity and movement of the air, but in practically all parts of the tropics the temperature is too high most of the year. Thus even if people are perfectly well, they do not feel so much like work as in cooler climates, and they are less resistant to every kind of disease.

The chief objection to the conclusion stated in the last paragraph is that it is based on tests made in temperate climates where any given set of weather conditions does not prevail for more than a few weeks at a time. If people live permanently in a tropical climate, so the objectors say, they *may* become accustomed to it and be as efficient as anywhere else, provided they are kept free from specific diseases. No one, so far as I am aware, has ever claimed to demonstrate it statistically or experimentally. Panama and tropical Australia are two of the stock examples used by persons who believe that the tropics are well adapted to the white race. In reality both of those regions bear out our conclusion as to the impossibility of the white race being as efficient in an unduly warm climate as in a cooler climate. Of course people are rendered inefficient not only by a climate that is too warm, but by one that is too cold, as happens to most of us in winter. But we have at least learned in good measure to obviate the effects of cold, while as yet we have made scarcely a beginning toward obviating the effects of heat.

To return to Panama, it is quite true that the death rate there among white people is remarkably low, one of the lowest in the world. But that proves little except that it is possible to create any death rate that one desires. If everyone who shows any sign of weakness is sent away from a place, the death rate, aside from accidents, will be zero. If everyone whom the physicians are sure

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will die is sent to a place and everyone else is registered as living somewhere else, the death-rate will be 100. At Panama all the white employees of the Canal Company are subjected to physical examination before going to Panama and while they are there. Those who show signs of succumbing to the climate are sent away. The records are full of data on this point. Among the white people at Panama who are not employees of the Canal similar conditions prevail, for as a rule only those with good physiques and energetic temperaments go to tropical countries. The size of the death-rate depends mainly on the ability of the people to move away and on the vigilance of the physicians in warning them. At Panama both of these factors rank high. Of course the death-rate is low, but that is no proof that the white race could stand the climate if men, women, and children of every age, temperament, and physique were all dumped in there together.

Australia shows the same thing even more clearly. I have discussed the whole matter in the third edition of *Civilization and Climate* and in *West of the Pacific*, but a little repetition will do no harm. Tropical Australia is the one place within the tropics where the experiment of genuine white colonization is being tried on a large scale. There and there only within the tropics are large numbers of white people living by themselves and doing all the work of life with their own hands for generation after generation without going back to cooler lands to recuperate.

How well is the experiment succeeding? Perfectly, some people tell us. Doubtfully, according to the exact statistics of the Australian Government. Here are the facts. The tropical inhabitants of Australia enjoy one of the lowest death-rates in the world, the number of children is remarkably large in proportion to the number of women of child-bearing age, the women themselves have a remarkably low death-rate in spite of the fact that housekeeping is terribly hard in their villainously hot unscreened kitchens, where the flies swarm as in the plague which Moses brought upon Egypt. Moreover, the men of tropical Australia show no sign of inferiority according to the measurements made on soldiers in the World War. The sole fly in the ointment is that the men do have an unusually high death-rate, but that, we are told, is because so many of them live out in the Never-never on ranches where they take no proper care of themselves.

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Does not all this, together with the many sturdy children who are born within the tropics, look as if the experiment were succeeding? It certainly does, but what about selection? Those people who lived in tropical Australia were not born there for the most part. They are not average specimens of their race. They have been rigidly selected. Oh, no, the Government does not select them. They just select themselves. Tropical Australia has a bad name in England and in the pleasant parts of southern Australia, but fortunes can be reaped there. Who goes to such a place? The weak? The invalids? The persons of timid temperament? Not a bit of it. Almost nowhere in the world can one find people who are dowered by inheritance with better health, greater optimism, and more of the spirit of adventure than those of northern Australia. Of course such people are healthy.

Other evidence from Australia is still more conclusive. Among the people who were *born* in Queensland, the northern province of Australia, as distinguished from the people who *live* there but were born elsewhere, the deathrate is regularly higher than among similar people who were born in the other Australian provinces or in Great Britain. Moreover, the birthrate is smaller than among similar people born elsewhere. In other words, rigid selection gives the people who go to tropical Australia such vigor that they have a very low deathrate and high birthrate. But the children born to these same sturdy migrants in Queensland are unusually weak, as shown by both their deathrate and their birthrate. Thus the one great and conclusive experiment of white colonization in the tropics does not support the idea that the white race can flourish in equatorial lands as well as in those that are cooler. And this experiment, be it noted, is being tried in a region which is scarcely more than semi-tropical, and which has the further great advantage of being practically free from tropical natives on the one hand and from the ordinary tropical diseases such as malaria on the other hand. White people can indeed live there happily and comfortably, but they apparently cannot, or at least they do not retain their full vigor.

When the white man goes to the tropics he raises some luxuries for himself, but no grain or meat or vegetables worth mentioning. In return for the luxuries and meat he feeds part of the tropical people with good grain grown in his own temperate regions.

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Do you doubt this? Well, look at the figures. Hawaii is a marvelous region. It sends us great quantities of sugar, and it produces more sugar per acre than any other part of the world. But it does not feed itself. Each year for each inhabitant it imports from the United States something over two hundred pounds of rice, nearly as much of other bread grains, four to six dozen eggs, thirty or forty pounds of fish, three dollars' worth of fruit and nuts, eight dollars' worth of meat and dairy products, three or four dollars' worth of confectionery and the like, and another three or four dollars' worth of vegetables.

Hawaii is no exception. Cuba ranks as another of the most highly developed tropical regions. As a result of its development it is no longer self-supporting, as in the old days, but is almost as dependent as a queen bee. In 1923, for example, Cuba imported plain solid foodstuffs to the extent of about thirty dollars per person or about a hundred and fifty per family, and her demands in this line are increasing. We talk a great deal about England's dependence on other countries for food, but Cuba's dependence is almost equally great. Where Great Britain imported staple foods, aside from such things as coffee and tea, to a value of about $220 per family of five persons in 1923, Cuba imported two thirds as much. But inasmuch as Cuban standards of living are lower than those of England, the dependence of our warm, sugar-producing neighbor upon northern countries for food is relatively the same as that of Great Britain.

So it goes all down the line. Under Spanish rule Porto Rico long fed itself. Now it imports about the same amount of food per inhabitant as does Cuba, and most of it comes from us. On the other side of the world Java is perhaps the most marvelous of all cases where the white man has developed the vast potential riches of the tropics. And what is the result? Instead of being a self-supporting island with perhaps five million people, as it was a century or more ago, Java is to-day well-nigh the most densely packed of all lands, a place with over 35,000,000 brown human beings. But they do not provide the rest of the world with any more meat, grain, vegetables, and other staple foods aside from sugar than did one-seventh as many a century ago. On the contrary, to-day, the average Javanese farmer, even with the help of the Dutch, actually produces crops and animals worth only

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about one fifteenth as much as those produced by the New Zealand farmer, if the products of both be reckoned according to the same scale of prices. The proportion of farmers in Java is uncommonly large, yet Java does not feed itself. Nearly a billion pounds of rice, — about 150 for every family, — have to be imported in order to permit the Dutch and the rest of us to have enough sugar, rubber, copra, tobacco, tea, coffee, tapioca, pepper, and quinine.

The Philippines are headed in the same direction. Rice, wheat flour, and dairy products, — good staple foods, — stand on the import side of their list, and sugar, hemp, copra, cocoanuts, tobacco, and maguey fibre on the other. Japan and England succeed no better than the United States and the Netherlands. Japan feeds Formosa with rice and beans, and British ships have to bring flour and fish to Jamaica in exchange for the products of plantations.

Perhaps all this may be completely reversed one of these days, but thus far there is no hint that tropical countries will ever supply any large quantity of staple food products to the lands in more bracing climates. Without exception, so far as I am aware, the tendency of European or American domination is to cause the tropical population to increase rapidly, so that it presses hard upon the food supply and there is no place for Europeans except as managers and sojourners.

All these facts, and many more which cannot be recounted, suggest that the surplus supply of food available either in the Arctic or the tropics will never be very great. Plenty of meat will presumably be produced in the Arctic and plenty of rice and other things in the tropics. But after the relatively inefficient producers, and the many people who must manufacture, pack, transport, and distribute the supplies have been fed, I doubt whether there will be much left for the rest of the world. As I see it the hope of the future lies not in increasing the population and the food supply, but in scientific limitation of the population by diminishing the birthrate among the unfit who produce less than they consume and increasing it among the fit who produce more than they consume. The right kind of man will produce a surplus almost anywhere, the wrong kind nowhere.

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NATIONALITY AND RESEARCH

J. B. S. HALDANE

SCIENTIFIC ability is not the perquisite of any one race, but the various conditions obtaining in different countries have a good deal to do with fostering research and determining the scientific output. Other things being equal, the small nations contribute more to the world pool of scientific knowledge than do the large nations. Mr. Haldane, who is brilliantly carrying on the torch in his own country, presents an offhand estimate of the relative distribution of scientific achievement among the leading races to-day.

SCIENCE is an international concern. Any paper on pure science becomes the property of the whole world the moment it is published. And the special scientific terminology so frequently termed jargon is, with all its faults, an international language. One can get the gist of a scientific paper in any European tongue, and even amid a wilderness of Japanese script one comes across oases of mathematical expressions, numerical tables, and chemical formulae. Moreover all important papers are abstracted in English and German within a year or so of publication. It is impossible for any one critic to assess the contributions of the various nations to literature. The greatest living poet may write in Siamese. Musical notation is more nearly international, but it must be remembered that many Oriental peoples employ a scale very different from our own. In the domain of science one may safely be more positive, and an attempt to apportion the contributions made by different nations, if unlikely to be wholly impartial, is not obviously futile.

As elsewhere, one immediately comes up against the problem of the Jews. Are we to call Einstein, who is a Professor in Berlin (and also in the Dutch University of Leyden) but was born in Switzerland, and is international in outlook, Jewish, German, or Swiss? For the Jews, just as they are partly responsible for one of the worst features of our civilization, — the control of industry by financiers more interested in profit than service, — have shown in other fields the most single-minded devotion to pure thought. "German" science in the last forty years has been largely Jewish, in spite of the very unfavorable conditions under which the Jews worked. Thus Ehrlich's co-discoverer of "606" was a Japanese, Hata, because so few German gentiles were willing to work with him. Mendeléeff and Metchnikoff, the two

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greatest Russian scientists of the last century, both had Jewish mothers. So far the main Jewish contribution to science has been in Germany and Austria, but it is beginning seriously in Britain, America, France, and even Japan, while the first papers from the biochemical laboratory of Jerusalem University were published this spring.

As modern science is of European origin, it will perhaps be convenient to work in toward Europe as a centre from the rest of the world. New Zealand and Australia have made first-rate contributions to science, but largely by exporting their scientists to other portions of the British Empire. Rutherford, who discovered the structure of the atom, was born in a back block of New Zealand, and gravitated to Cambridge via Montreal and Manchester.

Japan is making contributions to every branch of science, but as a student of Japanese art might expect, they have on the whole been distinguished by technical rather than intellectual power. For example, in bacteriology Japan quite probably leads the world; in physics it excels rather in exact measurements than in their theoretical interpretation. However, Japanese research work is still in its first generation, and is already ahead of that of most European countries. In another fifty years it may excel that of Europe as a whole.

China is starting on research, largely under American guidance. India has begun, and that sensationally enough. Srinavasa Ramánayan was a clerk in a Madras office with no mathematical education beyond that usual in secondary schools. In 1913 he sent to Cambridge proofs of certain new theorems in higher algebra. He was at once brought over to England and within a few years he was a Fellow of the Royal Society and of Trinity College, Cambridge. Had he lived a century earlier, when the methods which he favored were yielding their best results, he would probably have been the world's greatest mathematician. And though he died too early to earn that title, he may perhaps be awarded the palm for mathematical originality in the twentieth century. India has produced no other scientist of such distinction, and her total contribution has been less than that of Japan. But it has been, on the whole, of a surprisingly original character, sometimes indeed slightly bizarre to European minds,

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and leaves no doubt whatever that India has a very great scientific future.

South America has as yet done little, though the Argentine Republic has not been without its distinguished biologists and palaeontologists.

The United States produce a colossal volume of scientific work, of very unequal merit. Where endowment can assure results, they lead the world. Their astronomical observations form the bulk of international output, though their interpretation often comes from England, Germany, or Holland. In the studies of animal breeding and nutrition the methods largely devised in Cambridge and London are being developed on a colossal scale. Morgan's work on inheritance in New York is carried out upon a population of small flies larger than that of New York City. Langmuir is provided by the General Electrical Company with his own laboratory and a salary which most Cabinet Ministers would envy, on condition that he occasionally spare a day or so to consider the problems which arise in their works. Some of the ablest men in Europe are constantly being attracted over by offers of salaries and still more of facilities for research. In spite of these facts and the undoubted genius of many Americans, I am inclined to think that in pure (though not perhaps in applied) science, America produces less than either Britain or Germany. The probable reason is that great men are more important to science than great laboratories, and a larger proportion of scientifically minded men are drawn into the work of national development in America than in Europe. The very wide diffusion of higher education in the United States is compensated for by its often indifferent quality, and by the terrific obscurantism which makes biological teaching a farce in many parts of the country.

Though Canada has sent fewer notable men of science to Britain than Australia, her output of published work, culminating in the preparation of the internal secretions of the pancreas and parathyroid by Banting and Collip, has been greater, partly owing to a constant interchange of ideas and personnel with the United States.

The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics (I do not say Russia, if only because of the admirable physiological work proceeding

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in the Georgian University of Tiflis) is still so isolated that its appraisal is difficult. During the war and revolutions about one third of its scientific personnel appears to have been lost by death, flight, and the separation of Poland and other States. I can think of only one biologist of any eminence executed by the present régime, and could cap his name with that of another recently killed by whites in the Caucasus. As a result of the revolution scientific workers have been given many large houses as laboratories and museums. On the other hand, those in the higher positions are worse off economically, and all of them are cut off from foreign sources of literature and equipment. Hence they are concentrating on work where elaborate apparatus is not required, for example animal breeding, to which they appear to be devoting more effort than any country but the United States, and the careful study of animals and plants in a state of nature.

In "bourgeois" Europe two of the small nations, Holland and Denmark, undoubtedly lead in the output of scientific work per million inhabitants. They are incidentally two of the healthiest nations in Europe, although the population of Holland is increasing faster than that of any other European State; and, although almost devoid of mineral wealth, they are both quite rich. This is because they are successfully applying biology, Denmark to her own agriculture, Holland to the development of her empire, which sets the example to the world in tropical agriculture and hygiene. The Dutch go so far in their recognition of this fact as actually to call their liners after botanists, instead of the usual soldiers, sailors, politicians, and royalties.

In Denmark the Carlsburg brewery, which, under the supervision of two great biochemists, has come to produce the strongest beer on earth, is now the principal support of a scientific academy, as though Bass were affiliated with the Royal Society!

The largest actual output of scientific work comes from Britain and Germany. Fifty years ago, Germany incontestably led the world in this respect. Now I am personally inclined to think that the position is reversed, and that this was so even before the war. The reasons are perhaps as follows. Before the foundation of the German Empire in 1871 each little State had its university which competed with its neighbors and managed to make any of its particularly brilliant alumni a *Professor Extraordinarius* at an

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early age. He then gathered pupils round him and formed a school. Now he probably goes to the Kaiser Wilhelm Institut at Berlin and has to compete for pupils with colleagues from all over Germany. Moreover there is reason to think that politics had come to play more part in university appointments in the last few decades before the war than formerly. Nevertheless, it would be idle to deny the splendor of Germany's achievements at the present moment, more especially in such fields as organic chemistry and mathematics, which the Germans have made peculiarly their own.

If my own country leads the world it is, I think, largely through two causes, the autonomy of our universities, and the lack of nationalism in our scientific thought. A university governing itself may be a little deaf to the claims of working-class education or the equality of the sexes, but it is more likely to appoint the best man to a post than is one governed by business men or politicians. And we are certainly less prone than France, Germany, or America, to ignore the work of foreigners.

France has undoubtedly lost ground in the last fifty years. She still produces men of very great originality, but state control of higher education and ignorance of foreign achievement handicap them enormously. Since the war, moreover, no serious attempt has been made either in France or Belgium to bring the real wages of scientific workers to pre-war levels, and many of their best men are turning to applied sciences such as medicine and engineering.

Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Belgium, and Finland are all producing first-rate work, and the same applies to Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Austria, which have shared most of the scientists of the late Austrian Empire. Italy is now producing little experimental science, though her mathematics are still very good indeed, the "Rendiconti del Circolo Mathematico di Palermo" being one of the world's great mathematical journals. Though Spain has given us a great microscopist and Greece a great mathematician, our story is told, and it only remains to see if we can draw any lessons from the distribution of scientific achievement.

Other things being equal, the small nations are more scientific than the large, for reasons already discussed. Probably a standard

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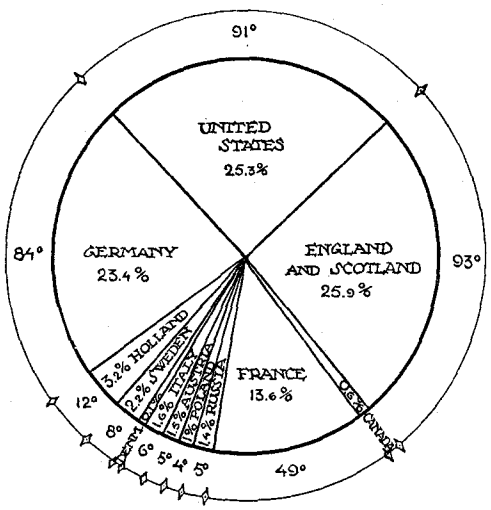
educational system is an evil, as government officials always tend to demand quantity rather than quality of work, and research flourishes best in an atmosphere where leisure and even laziness are possible. On the other hand, a government department like the Medical Research Council in England, which is not dominated by red tape and is willing to subsidize work that may turn out to be valueless on the chance of obtaining a really great result like the recent discovery of the cancer organism, can be of enormous use to science. Scientific ability is not the perquisite of any one race, but it can show itself under conditions when thought is free, and there are many different ways of suppressing it. One way is to refuse research facilities to people without academic qualifications. If Faraday lived to-day he would not find his career much, if at all, easier in England, and in many countries he would have to remain a bookbinder. Scientific genius is so rare that no single system, however well thought out, will avail for its discovery and encouragement.



THE NATIONALITY OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

The above chart has been prepared for comparison with Dr. Haldane's conclusions. The percentages given represent the numerical average of the inches of space devoted by eight recent books on general science to the research work of the respective countries since 1875. Presumably they indicate fairly well the relative importance ascribed by the authors of these eight books to the scientific accomplishments of the different nationalities

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THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION

A Compendium of Significant Facts and Figures

BAPTISTS began with the churches of the New Testament. They are not Protestants. They flourished down to the uniting of Church and State by the Emperor Constantine and continued through the Middle Ages in secluded parts of Europe. They existed under various names, always, however, maintaining certain Baptist characteristics.

Baptists appeared in the United States under the leadership of Roger Williams. Williams, banished in 1635 from Massachusetts for his Baptist views, settled at Providence, R. I., where the first Baptist church in this country was established. It was through him that the charter was secured establishing Rhode Island as the first State guaranteeing religious freedom to all people. Separation of Church and State has been one of the outstanding contributions Baptists have made to our American civilization. Historians have attributed many of Thomas Jefferson's governmental conceptions to the fact that he frequented assemblies in a small Baptist meeting-house near his home in Virginia. Baptists in Virginia presented the petition to President George Washington that resulted in the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

William Carey, an English Baptist, founded modern missions in 1792; Adoniram Judson, an American Baptist, inaugurated the missionary movement in America in 1812; other eminent Baptists are listed as follows: John Milton, author of Paradise Lost; Daniel Defoe, author of Robinson Crusoe; John Bunyan, author of Pilgrim's Progress; Charles H. Spurgeon, most popular preacher of modern times; Alexander Maclaren, prince of expositors; Henry Dunster, first President of Harvard, the oldest American university; Warren G. Harding, late President of the United States; Charles Evans Hughes, former Secretary of State; Dwight Filley Davis, present Secretary of War; David Lloyd George, former British Premier; John D. Rockefeller, Sr. and Jr., and many others.

Baptists have no hierarchy, no creed. Grouped together in a given community for New Testament purposes they form a church. These churches unite within small geographical boundaries in district associations; in States as State Associations; in the South as the Southern Baptist Convention; in the North as the Northern Baptist Convention; in Canada as the Canadian Baptist Convention; in England as the British Baptist Union. Baptists of the world have the Baptist World Alliance with Dr. Edgar Young Mullins as President.

The following chart gives some recent statistics:

	Churches	*Members*	*Sunday School Pupils*	*Ministers*
United States				
Northern Baptist Conv....	*8,519*	*1,368,967*	*1,098,873*	*8,315*
Southern Baptist Conv....	*27,919*	*3,574,531*	*2,219,975*	*16,790*
Others, incl. Negroes.....	*21,473*	*3,802,072*	*1,086,020*	*19,499*
Other Countries.....	*9,768*	*2,647,540*	*1,023,009*	*15,133*
Grand Totals.....	*67,679*	*11,393,110*	*5,428,277*	*59,737*

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WHY I AM A BAPTIST

EDGAR YOUNG MULLINS

Confessions of Faith — V

I CAN group the reasons why I am a Baptist under two general heads. The first is heredity and the second is a reasoned conclusion.

My father was a Baptist minister, and his father was also a Baptist minister. The families on the sides of both my father and mother have been Baptists through several generations. It was, of course, not likely that I would escape being a Baptist if I became anything religiously. At the same time, however, it is pertinent for me to say that I did not become a Christian until I was in my twenty-first year, and according to the Baptist way, up to that time had no connection as a member of any church. I was taught in the principles of right living by my parents. They sought to win me to the Christian life. But there was not the slightest effort on their part to coerce my action or to influence me to a premature decision. In fact there was one period during and following my college career when I became skeptical on several points of Christian teaching. All along, however, there was a conflict between my intellectual questionings and my religious yearnings. My conscience was keenly alive and the fundamental need and demand for religion was always present. Strange as it may seem, it was in the period of intellectual doubt that I was converted. I use the old-fashioned word because it best describes my experience. The preacher, — the late Major W. E. Penn, a layman in fact and lawyer-evangelist, — preached the Gospel in a meeting in the First Baptist Church of Dallas, Texas, in a way which made a powerful appeal to the religious side of my nature. Without any emotional cataclysm of any kind I yielded my will to Christ. The moral and spiritual reënforcement which followed this act completely transformed my purposes and plans.

There was no effort on the part of the preacher to meet my intellectual difficulties in a formal way. These were for the time being in abeyance. My awakening was spiritual and religious. But my act of surrender to the will of Christ produced a new atti-

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tude toward my intellectual problems and difficulties. These were simply transcended by the new spiritual experience. The problems on the intellectual side seemed to be far less important than they had been. They were afterwards considered, of course, but I saw them in the context of my new spiritual life and had comparatively little trouble with them. I was profoundly impressed with the fundamental truth that on their intellectual side the problems of religion are insoluble apart from a genuine religious interest. There is no conflict with reason in a man's religious experience. But the experience introduces new facts and data with which reason works. One discovers that in the effort to intellectualize religion without a religious experience or interest the major premise is lacking.

It was after my conversion that I began to consider the reasons for being a Baptist. My father had taught me years before that it was of the essence of becoming a Baptist that one should know why. He said that to accept what Baptists taught merely in imitation of others, even of one's own parents, was not in keeping with the spirit of the Baptist faith. One became a Baptist, he insisted, as a result of one's own personal and free choice, based upon an intelligent consideration of the reasons behind the act. And this brings me to the reasoned conclusions to which I referred at the beginning of this article. In outlining them I shall necessarily have to draw some comparisons unfavorable to other forms of Christian life and belief. But this implies no bad spirit on my part and no desire to claim a monopoly of excellence in my own particular beliefs. What I say is rather a testimony to my own inner life and mental processes which best meet the requirements of religion as I know it.

First of all, I am a Baptist because, as I see it, the Baptist interpretation of Christianity best conserves the freedom of faith. Baptists relate the individual to Christ in a free and spiritual way. The teaching concerning Christ is not a dogma imposed by authority. It is not subscription to a creed. We accept the deity of Christ along with His humanity, not by authority, but by discovery. We find Him as Saviour from sin and freely exalt Him as Lord of our lives. His lordship is a great formative principle in all our thinking. But it is a lordship which has come to us by way of experience of His Grace working in us.

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In applying for membership in a Baptist church faith in Christ and acceptance of His lordship is the prime condition. Subscription to an elaborate creed is not required. The desire to know the will of Christ and willingness to obey it is the cardinal qualification. This implies a change of heart, commonly called the new birth. A new disposition has been imparted by the Holy Spirit as the penitent surrenders to Christ in an act of faith.

Baptists accept the authority of the Scriptures in the same free way. By the testimony of the Scriptures themselves and by the response of their own spiritual life they find that the Scriptures are the word of God. But there is not and has never been any authoritative declaration or formula promulgated by Baptists as to the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures. They accept these not because early church councils decreed them, or a papal declaration established them, or because the Reformation movement was based upon the authority of the Bible as against the authority of the papacy. Many modernists try to get rid of the authority of the Bible by stigmatizing belief in it as bibliolatry. The term "bibliolatry" may be applicable to some mechanical theories of inspiration by which men attempt to define that authority in such a way as to make of the Bible a sort of fetish. But Baptists do not arrive at their view of the authority of the Scriptures in any such way. The Bible, for them, is a spiritual authority. It becomes such an authority by a spiritual process in which the whole religious nature of man is active, and in which the self-authenticating power of the Bible is felt. It is also a free intellectual process in which reason is illumined by faith.

A similar explanation applies to the way of Baptists in the matter of creeds and confessions of faith. No central authority speaks for Baptists. Their churches and district associations usually announce certain cardinal truths of Christianity in order to define themselves. But these are never imposed on others. They are merely testimonies to the way in which the Bible is understood and interpreted. They are not identical in meaning, although there has been remarkable unity among Baptists until comparatively recently.

From the preceding it seems to me quite evident that the Baptist attitude to truth is the scientific as well as the Christian attitude. This is not the attitude of negation or destruction. It is

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rather the attitude of openness of mind and heart to spiritual truth. Spiritual reality can only be known by those who are open to it. If Newton had prejudged the power of gravitation he would have failed in his effort to formulate its law. Men who prejudge Christ will never discover him as Saviour and Lord. Men who prejudge the Bible by preconceived critical theories or philosophies will never be able to appreciate and value it. Some of the most perfect specimens of logic to be found in current theological literature are the books which approach the discussion of the Bible with such theories and preconceptions. They make so slight an impression on the public mind because men unconsciously realize that the fundamental attitude is wrong. A false major premise vitiates all the reasoning. The perfect logic rises from a false foundation. The average man, or in the hackneyed phrase "the man on the street" knows that logic of this kind is special pleading. He recognizes and feels and knows that the Scriptures are not the sort of literature which is alleged.

The true Baptist asks for no artificial props for faith. He knows that Christianity is rooted in history. And he insists on the historical element. But he asks for no artificial bolstering up of the historical records. What he stands against is a narrow scholarship which prejudges the records, and a narrow type of religious experience which leaves out the deeper elements in man's nature. In the New Testament Christ was preached as risen Saviour and Lord. This preaching created a new spiritual world and the literature known as the New Testament. This process can be reproduced, indeed is being reproduced, in its essential features to-day on a grand scale. But it is not a repeatable process unless the spiritual forces are allowed fair play. Men sometimes say that nothing should be held as historically necessary in religion except those things which are repeatable to-day. This is the result of confused thinking. There is no way to repeat the resurrection of Christ from the dead; and yet it was the foundation of early Christianity and is historically provable. The preaching of a crucified, atoning, and risen Christ saves men from the power of sin and transforms them morally and spiritually, individually and socially. There are thousands of demonstrations of this in our country every Sunday, and in fact every week day in the year.

I am a Baptist because Baptists insist strongly upon the rights

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of the individual. Personal choice is the basis of discipleship with them. We regard the practise of infant baptism, for example, as inconsistent with the freedom of the individual. We think it right to train the growing child until he can choose for himself. Proxy faith and personal faith are contradictory ideas.

"But," some one may ask, "is not this individualism a dangerous principle? Where will you draw the line?" The reply is that in one sense there is no line to be drawn anywhere because Baptists believe in absolute religious liberty for all men everywhere as will appear later. Among themselves, however, the corrective principle is the lordship of Christ. It is this lordship which unites Baptists in a coherent body. Along with it is loyalty to the New Testament, because in it Christ appears in the record of His historical manifestation.

The value of the principle of individualism is self-evident when we look at history. For centuries the individual was repressed. He was smothered in the corporate life, ecclesiastical or political. Huss, Savonarola, Luther, Galileo, William Carey, Roger Williams, and many others are instances. If God speaks directly to men, then men should be permitted to declare God's message.

Again the objector says: "How will you curb the license of one group and the fanaticism of another group? Both imagine or claim that they are speaking for God. Does not your principle convert the Baptist denomination into a free-lance club?" Here again the answer is not far to seek. Loyalty to Christ and the Scriptures is the corrective. There would be no room for a Nietzsche among Baptists because he declared that Christ's teachings are the morality of slaves and that Jesus was a curse to mankind. Nor could Baptists well receive the philosopher who said recently that the world has outgrown Christ, since Christ offered Himself as a spiritual authority to men. His view was that all authority is outgrown or transcended. Baptists stand or fall on the authority of Christ as the revelation of God.

The principle of individualism leads to democracy in church polity. The direct relation of the soul to God imposes responsibilities and confers rights upon all believers. Churches should, therefore, be self-governing bodies.

Baptists also insist upon a regenerate church membership. Self-government in polity requires intelligence and character.

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This is one reason why Baptists so insist upon individual and personal choice, and the direct relation of the soul to God. These are the guaranty of spiritual life. And spiritual life must precede wise judgment in spiritual matters. Democracy in church government and a regenerate church membership, therefore, are indissolubly bound together.

Two points are worthy of emphasis here, points on which Baptists are often misunderstood by others. One is that Baptists are chiefly concerned to maintain the outward forms of Christianity, baptism and the Lord's supper. The other is that Baptists ascribe a saving power to baptism. Both these impressions are entirely wrong. Baptists have always stressed the fact that baptism is a symbol, and not a sacrament, as is the Lord's supper. Neither has any saving power. Salvation is a spiritual fact, not a sacramental process. A man is saved by faith in Christ alone. With us one joins the church and is baptized because he has already been saved and not in order to be saved. Baptism is an outward dramatic representation of a preceding spiritual change. Water is a symbol of cleansing or regeneration. Submersion is a symbol of spiritual death and burial. Emergence from the water is a symbol of resurrection from the dead. Thus the form of the ordinance, immersion, is necessary to express the spiritual meaning. To destroy the form is to destroy the meaning. But the form is absolutely without saving power. Christ commands the form. It is useful as a portrayal in vivid outward fashion of great spiritual truths. Baptists observe the form as an act of obedience to Christ's command, and not in order to be regenerated or saved. Baptists attach less importance to the ordinances than any Christian denomination except the Quakers. They do maintain immersion as the Scriptural form of this ordinance. The scholarship of the world is practically a unit as to this as the original mode of baptism. But we value it for its symbolism, not for any saving power residing in it. The late Robert J. Burdett explained why he was a Baptist as follows:

> I love the beautiful symbolism of the ordinances of our Baptist church; I love a baptism that does not have to be argued, defended, or explained but is in itself such a living picture of burial and resurrection that even the blind eye must close itself if it would not see. And I love the creed that is written nowhere save in the New Testament, which allows growth and the changes which must come with

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increase of light and stature without periodical revision. If there wasn't a Baptist church in the world there would nevertheless be millions of Baptists in every generation. I love the democratic churches. I even resent the innovation of "advisory boards" in the Baptist churches. And I love the Baptist recognition of the right of "private judgment," the liberty of personal opinion. I love the free responsibility of the human soul, standing on a level platform face to face with God, with no shadow of pope, or bishop, or priest, or man-made creed falling between himself and his Master. That's why I am a Baptist.

I am a Baptist because Baptists are and have ever been strong advocates of religious liberty. All Americans now accept this doctrine theoretically. Baptists in Virginia and Rhode Island fought for it when State churches were the vogue. Their's is the antithesis to the Roman Catholic system at most points and yet Baptists stand for the rights of Roman Catholics in their religious life. They stand even for the rights of atheists to their beliefs about religion, although, of course, regarding them as radically wrong in those beliefs. No human power, political or ecclesiastical, has any authority over the individual conscience. Religion is a matter between God and man. The State has no authority in the religious sphere. Equal freedom for all religious beliefs and equal protection to all is the Baptist ideal. Legislation favoring one denomination or one religion more than others is foreign to the Baptist conception.

Out of this religious right grows all other human rights, — intellectual, economic, civic, and social. It is the direct relation of man to God which is the basis of them all. The free human personality can find itself, realize itself, come to its own in all spheres under the operation of this principle. Thus it inevitably becomes a social principle of the most fruitful kind. Human duties accompany human rights. And it is in a society where men recognize both duties and rights that the Kingdom of God comes.

Democracy in the church, which is simply an extension of the principle of individual rights, is the primary social expression of it. It is astonishing how local self-government in the churches lends itself to the expression of Christianity as a spiritual religion. Baptists have no ecclesiastical courts to try heretics. Hence they have rarely been divided into warring groups over heresy trials.

Democracy in church government fits well into any just form of political government. This statement is well illustrated in re-

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cent Baptist growth in Russia. In 1914, Baptists in Russia numbered about one hundred thousand. To-day they are variously estimated from two to five millions. A competent observer has said that this growth in Russia is "the most remarkable spiritual phenomenon in modern times". Even under Soviet rule they have increased almost beyond belief. One of the chief causes of the growth has been the spirituality and democracy of the Baptist interpretation of Christianity. They hold that the Church has no political function. Hence the State does not fear them. The freedom and independence of the congregations make it impossible to mobilize them for political action. If they had a human authority over them, they might be used for wrong ends and the State would justly fear them. History teaches the sad lesson that centralized ecclesiastical systems may be perverted to political uses and ends. Baptists seek to avoid this abuse.

Baptists believe that there are great basic principles underlying New Testament Christianity. They are universal and self-evident truths. Some years ago I stated these truths in the form of axioms as follows:

> First, the theological axiom: The holy and loving God has a right to be sovereign.
> Second, the religious axiom: All souls are equally entitled to direct access to God.
> Third, the ecclesiastical axiom: All believers are entitled to equal privileges in the church.
> Fourth, the moral axiom: To be responsible the soul must be free.
> Fifth, the religio-civic axiom: A free Church in a free State.
> Sixth, the social axiom: Love your neighbor as yourself.

To the above I would now add,

> Seventh, the civic axiom: The sovereignty of the State resides in the citizen.

These axioms may be reduced to one great universal principle which expresses the historical attitude of Baptists: the competency of the soul in religion under God. Baptists oppose all systems which concentrate responsibility in the hands of any class or group, whether they be priests, bishops, or other ecclesiastical officials.

These principles are at the foundation of the whole Baptist conception of Christianity. We believe they are universal and comprehensive enough to stand permanently as the expression of

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the fundamental meaning of religion. They are in the highest degree in harmony with the scientific spirit and with all the great ideals of civilization and principles of human progress.

Baptists are a great spiritual democracy possessing both the excellencies and the faults of such a body. An article by a writer in an iconoclastic American magazine recently painted the Baptists in lurid colors. Occasionally the writer does give a fact, but most of the article is reeking with animosity and abounds in false statements. He was not looking for the truth about the Baptists. He went to the Baptist garbage barrel and selected specimens to his taste and spread them on the pages of the magazine. If he had entered the front door and observed the Baptist household he would have painted a different picture. He would have found many of the wealthiest and most cultured along with many that are poor. He would have found a people strong in the city as well as the country. He would have found first class as well as second and third class schools. He would have found broadminded men of vision as well as reactionaries. He would have found remarkable unity as well as diversity. He would have found genuine tolerance as well as the narrow intolerance he so much emphasizes. In short this writer, if he had eyes to see, would have found a great spiritual democracy, full of virility and high purpose, inspired by a common vision of righteousness, debating and discussing and sometimes wrangling over points of difference, struggling with poverty and abounding in wealth, advocating some foolish things but in the main committed to great constructive ideas, — in a word, he would have found a people full of life and health in spite of many faults, and inspired by high ideals and a common purpose to serve God and humanity.

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AMERICA'S FEAR COMPLEX

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

AT the bottom of all the problems of civilization, — race questions, religious questions, political and economic controversies, — lies the fear-complex. The man who tyrannizes over another does so, primarily, because he fears that other. What we need in America is a wholesale "treatment" for the eradication of our fear-complexes. Science, in this matter, is coming to the aid of religion; for science, by diminishing the realms of the unknown and by revealing a benign universe, is exorcising this demon.

WHATEVER may be the shortcomings of modern scientific thought, we owe to the scientists two formulations, one in the field of pure science and the other in the field of psychology, which support each other, which are in line with religious feeling and with the older wisdoms and traditions of the world, and which admit of immediate application on all sides.

The first is that conception of the atom which has been most recently elaborated. There seems to be a general agreement among physicists that the activity of the atom is at the scientific bottom of all things and controls all things both physical and metaphysical. We ourselves are a product of this atomic activity. The dynamic force of the atom passes through animate and inanimate nature, and unites thought with whatever is beyond thought in one continuous stream of natural power which directs both the conscious and unconscious portions of our being. If the question be raised, What shall be a man's personal relation toward the atom? one must answer that he must accept it; he cannot fight it or control it or side-track it in the smallest degree. He is obliged to "let what will take all."

To fear the universe is to oppose oneself to its operations. To accept the universe is to allow it to work its will through our submission, and thus to become an assisting portion of its purposes, whatever they may be. We are thus forced to adopt that philosophic attitude of mind which used to be called Determinism. This state of mind is well known to all the older religions and is the basis of many of them.

The second formulation, for which no modern man can be sufficiently grateful, has been contributed by contemporary psychologists, and consists in the discovery and the naming of the Fear-Complex. The truth of this second theory is correlative to that of

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the first-named theory; or to put the matter simply, if the first be true the second must be true. If the atom knows its business we must trust it or perish; to fear it or stand in dread of any of its workings is just so much suicide.

The Fear-Complex of the psychologists was immediately accepted by thinkers of all kinds. It has gone abroad into medicine, and into every form of therapeutics, whether physical, mental, or moral. It combines magically with the innumerable observations of spiritual and religious truth that date from ancient and from modern times. Many of our bodily ills can be traced to the congealments of fear, and all of them are somewhat alleviated by the banishment of fear. I must note incidentally that the banishment of fear gives us the key to the spread and success of all those forms of mental discipline which are known in America as New Thought.

Let us advert for a moment to the methods of the modern psychologist. While talking to a patient in whom he has detected the demon of fear, the scientist endeavors to exorcise that demon through a series of questions and answers that may tend to arouse courage and hope in the patient. He tries to free the patient's mind from an exaggerated sense of responsibility, and thus to liberate in the patient many powers and faculties which have been suppressed through fear. This psychologist believes in the benevolence of the universe. He is himself a fearless man, and he is aware that the operation of the atoms within his own fearless anatomy are at the moment of the interview playing upon the atoms of the patient in a continuous stream, — as they did in the old days of the cheerful family physician. I have never known a doctor who did not act upon this hypothesis.

Now the mental healer, so called, differs from the psychologist in that the healer is consciously relying on God for the influx of fresh power into the patient's mind. He too deals in questions and answers, but rather as a subsidiary resort. Moreover, the mental healers have long since gone further than the psychologists in that they have relied on metaphysical influences which are conveyed at a distance; they have relied on natural phenomena which at the time seemed to partake of the supernatural. To-day, however, the most recent conceptions of the atom, emphasizing as they do the unmitigable contiguity of all men to each other,

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have thrown a flood of light on the nature of life, and have justified practises which are the commonplaces of religious thought and toward which science has been groping its way. I do still meet an occasional scientist who believes in the five senses as the only modes of communication between human beings; but such men are becoming more and more rare every day.

Let us now take a wider view of the whole subject. It is to be noticed that almost everything that is odious in human government turns out on inspection to consist in the ruling of men through their fears. All the historic tyrannies, religious persecutions, burnings, and slaughters have been done *in terrorem*, and for the purpose of subduing men through fear. The same is true of all lesser forms of oppression, — as for instance through spying, bribing, cutting off supplies, slandering, boycotting, and so forth. Such practises are not only done to arouse fear in the victim, but for the most part they represent fear in the doers themselves. For instance, the atrocities of the French Revolution were committed by men who were themselves petrified by terror. In fact, when you see a persecutor, a cruel man or a mean man or an unjust man, there is pretty sure to be an element of cowardice in him: the man is afraid of something.

If you will take a survey of the great familiar problems that now confront our civilization in America, namely the race questions, the religious questions, and the dangers due to the centralization of our business interests, you will see that every one of them depends upon the fear-complex in individuals. The unprotected individual is being crushed through his terrors. We are apt to speak of publicity as the only cure for such conditions. But publicity is the one thing that the suffering individual most dreads. Hence the dilemma, — the recurring, historic, ever-present dilemma. It would seem that the fear-complex must be cast out before the cure can walk in. This is certainly the view taken by the modern scientific psychologist, who endeavors to reassure his patient, to put heart into him, as the preliminary to putting mind into him.

The word "treatment" which is used by our New Thought people in regard to their mode of dealing with fear has never seemed to me a happy one. The path by which the sufferer's mind and spirit are approached by them seems to be rather in the

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nature of prayer than of practise, and the word "treatment" would seem to be more nearly descriptive of that diabolism, the casting of spells toward an enemy (an abuse to which telepathy has always been exposed), than it is to the selfless and celestial benevolence that is common in our modern healers. But the word "prayer" would seem to be more accurate.

Nevertheless, I will borrow the phrase. If there be such a thing as "treating" a whole nation at once for the "fear complex", that is what we need in America to-day. All our business men need the treatment, all our politicians, all our writers, editors, and publishers, the children in our schools, and their mothers and fathers in their homes. The man in the street needs it, the preacher in the pulpit, the philanthropist in his sanctuary, the clerk at his desk. Every educational, political, or industrial danger that faces us is due to the prevalence of the fear complex. A general diminution of fear, though it were but relieving to a very small extent the secret timidities of each individual, would set every one of our problems on the road to a happy solution.

The phrases and terms of current philosophy change from day to day. The various streams of human thought diverge and flow separately; and we have seen that during the last hundred and fifty years there has been a gulf between the scientific and the religious preoccupations of the world. To-day all thinkers are humbly searching for a point of view, even for a passing moment, from which the implications of science and of Christian belief shall be seen to coincide. It does, I confess, seem unlikely that the formulae of science should ever convey the mysteries of human feeling or do more than leave a blank where the truths of religion will be written in, in their own language. Thus, the influx of natural power that pours into the hearts of men through Faith will probably continue to be uttered in the language of the Psalms and of the New Testament till even the scientists themselves will have come to understand them.

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WHEN TWO MEN CORNERED GOLD

DON SEITZ

Forum Americana Series — V

IT would seem that we have developed a higher code of business ethics in the last two generations, or else the opportunities for rascality on a grand scale are considerably less plentiful than they used to be. At any rate it would be hard to find in recent financial history parallels to the bold exploits of this pair of adventurers who, having helped themselves to a railroad, proceeded to corner the nation's supply of gold,—operating with the tacit aid of persons in very close touch with the White House.

BORN in the little hamlet of Pownal, Vermont, April 1, 1835, son of a Yankee peddler and horse trader, James Fisk, Jr. soon improved upon his ancestry and gave evidence of his ability to thrive in any environment. The peddler's headquarters were shifted to Brattleboro, where James, large for his size, rode with his father on the wagon and aided in cozening coin from the reluctant hands of the Green Mountain housewives. An innate love of the spectacular led him to join Van Amburgh's circus and menagerie, a noble show, in which Van Amburgh himself, twice daily, put his head in a pet lion's mouth, to the shivering delight of large audiences. After seven seasons with the circus, he bought the old man out, and took to the road himself. But it was no ordinary peddler cart that went the rounds, — a dingy red ark with a weary-eyed horse between the shafts and a cargo of tin pans and calico. Instead, the dazzled dames were treated to the sight of a conveyance as magnificent as a circus van, and quite as roomy, gilded and paneled in the highest style of the coachmaker's art, and drawn by four splendid steeds, whose silver-mounted harness jingled as they trotted over the hills and shone in the sunshine. The peddler was no less resplendent. He wore the latest fashions, embellished with ideas of his own, a silk hat of the shiniest sort and a flowered waistcoat of satin velvet that outdid the doublet of a king.

The wares he sold were silks, velvets, choice ribbons, and muslins dear to the female heart and difficult to procure at any price. The peddler's orders came in so fast to the new and enterprising house of Jordan, Marsh and Company, in Boston, that the firm

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looked up this surprising customer. They found one whom they needed in their business. The peddler's route, stock, and goodwill were taken over and the peddler himself was made a member of the firm. Opportunity never knocked twice at James Fisk's door. It swung wide open at its approach. The Confederate war was on, and the firm, being overloaded with blankets, sent its new member to Washington as a salesman. They made no mistake. The right man in the Quartermaster's Department became his property, and the blankets became that of Uncle Sam, — these, and millions more.

Scouting a monopoly in the product of a textile mill at Gaysville, Vermont, he bought it for the house and made it a cornerstone of fortune. Farragut having taken New Orleans and given it over to Ben Butler, a soldier with a kindly feeling for Massachusetts and smartness, cotton became accessible and expensive. James Junior, taking Father along, and a few friends, became cotton buyer for the firm. It was risky business. Cotton was contraband, but Fisk evaded this difficulty by bribes and bluff. He bought his own steamboat for transport through the bayous where Confederate rendezvous were easily tapped. The Government troops commandeered the vessel and she blew up in their amateur hands. The loss was $350,000, including her load of the fibre. Uncle Sam never paid the claim, not having ordered the seizure. The profits were big enough to stand it.

The war over, Eben D. Jordan, the shrewd head of the firm, saw that Fisk was too progressive for the routine of trade and pressing $250,000 on him for his interest, persuaded him to retire. After some minor ups and downs on the Stock market, Fisk picked up an ill-favored broker named William Belden, and set up the house of Fisk, Belden and Company, at 37 Broad Street, to sell and buy for others. For the moment the handsome, florid senior partner excited no attention.

A few feet away at number 11 was another "brokerage shop", that of Smith, Gould and Martin, the chief figure of which was a shy young fellow from Roxbury, Delaware County, New York, where he had been born, May 27, 1836, and so was barely thirty, — Fisk being two years older. At fifteen Jay Gould had compiled a map and written a history of Delaware County, which he sold to subscribers. They were creditable productions, now esteemed

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by collectors. He also invented a mouse trap, which he brought to New York to sell, discovering that other traps might succeed in the metropolis. If the pair knew each other for the time being, it was only the casual acquaintance of neighbors. Opportunity soon brought them together.

The commanding figure in the high finance of the day was Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, already in his seventies, who, from running a rowboat ferry to Staten Island, had become a ruler of the sea, and later, a king of transportation on land by putting together several disjointed railway lines, thus creating the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. To challenge his might there came to town a queer old cattle drover from Carmel, Putnam County, New York, named Daniel Drew, with an uncanny talent for financial thaumaturgy, which he blended with piety to the extent of founding Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, New Jersey, for the making of Methodist ministers, using therefor, several slices of cash carved from the Vanderbilt fortune.

The aim of railroad promoters had been to reach the great lakes in competition with the State-owned Erie Canal, and the line called the Erie was the first to get through under one corporate ownership. New York merchants and folk along the way built it. Vanderbilt, seeing in it a rival, began to play for its control via the stock market, where the cunning Drew met and matched him. Burning for revenge, the Commodore took on new allies, — and here enter Fisk and Gould.

While Wall Street has earned invidious repute as a centre of lamb shearing, much wool has been collected in State Street, Boston, with closer cutting and smoother clipping. There was floating around in 1866 a nebulous railway enterprise called the Boston, Hartford and Erie, presumed to run from the Hub to Fishkill, on the east bank of the Hudson, whence it connected by ferry with the branch of the Erie ending at Newburgh. Some two hundred and forty miles of single track existed, with a dozen locomotives and a few cars, trying to earn returns on $20,000,000, besides taking care of the interest on ten kinds of mortgages, representing as many millions of funded debt. As the road was of no account by itself, the State Street gentlemen conceived the bright idea of unloading some of its responsibilities on the Erie.

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John S. Eldridge was president of the concern. Vanderbilt held a considerable interest in Erie and could always get more on Wall Street. The Boston crowd had also a considerable supply. The two interests got together, made a deal whereby the Erie guaranteed the interest on $4,000,000 of the Boston, Hartford and Erie road, and at the annual meeting on October 8, 1867, they unhorsed Drew, elected John S. Eldridge president, putting in a board of directors that included John S. Eldridge, Eben D. Jordan, Joseph Bardwell, and James S. Whitney of Boston; J. C. Bancroft Davis, Alexander S. Diven, William Evans, James Fisk, Jr., Jay Gould, Dudley S. Gregory, George M. Graves, Frederick A. Lane, Homer Ramsdell, William B. Skidmore, Henry Thompson, Lewis Underwood, and Frank Work, the last named being Vanderbilt's broker. Underwood had been Lieutenant Governor of Vermont, and was also Vanderbilt's man. Henry Thompson was Eldridge's brother-in-law. Homer Ramsdell represented a considerable amount of Newburgh capital.

The assumption is fair that Eben D. Jordan was responsible for Fisk's place on the board. The backing for Gould is not visible in any attainable record. But they were now momentously together. The defeated Drew began taking account of stock, and to seek vengeance on the victorious "Corneel," as he called him, cunningly put into the hands of Fisk, Belden and Company the unloading of the Narragansett Steamship Company, now, and long, the famous Fall River line. Fisk handled this with such skill that he not only aided Drew, but came out of it with the control of the line and $1,000,000 in his pockets.

Events now moved fast. The eager Drew took on Fisk and Gould as active agents and between them they trapped Vanderbilt, the pair in the meantime having worked out a plot of their own.

Under the Eldridge management, though strongly entrenched, the Commodore did not control, and Drew, anxious to regain his property, aided and abetted Fisk and Gould in their yet unrivalled scheme to get it themselves.

By negotiations with the Michigan Central and Canada Southern, arrangements were being made to lay a third rail on their standard gauge tracks so as to give the Erie a broad gauge line to Chicago. This meant serious competition for Vanderbilt's New York Central. He therefore sought to mix further in Erie

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affairs, and by using Tweed's judge, George G. Barnard, scored an advantage. Barnard enjoined Drew from acting as treasurer of the Erie, and by a further order prohibited the issuing of more stocks and bonds. Drew was also commanded to restore to the company 58,000 shares of stock deviously acquired. Unappalled, Drew moved the company's offices to Jersey City and from his vantage ground, secured the authorization of a $10,000,000 bond issue that could be converted into stock, which he did at once, keeping half himself and giving the rest to Fisk and Gould, who kept theirs, while Uncle Daniel fed Wall Street, mainly to the Vanderbilt crowd, and almost produced a panic, which was only stopped by the Exchange refusing to recognize shares dated after March 7, 1868.

Judge Barnard issued a threat that he would hold the Erie directors in $500,000 bail each, if caught, which they were not. Drew now procured from Judge Ranson Balcom, sitting at Cortland, New York, an order forbidding Frank Work, Vanderbilt's director in the Erie, from sitting in the Board on the ground that his presence as a New York Central factor was inimical to the welfare of the road. Vanderbilt retorted with an order from Judge Ingraham, forbidding the Erie board to transact any business unless Work was present. Drew now secured an order from Judge Jasper W. Gilbert in Brooklyn, commanding the Erie directors to do business without Work. The whole tangle came up before Judge Barnard on March 10, 1868, but as neither side knew how to proceed, the hearing went over until the 14th.

Barnard next appointed George A. Osgood receiver. He was Vanderbilt's son-in-law, and a personal friend of the judge. The Erie exiles procured an order from Judge Clerke, sitting in Ulster County, forbidding the receiver to act. Ordered to appear on this matter before Barnard, they secured an even more sweeping order from Judge Clerke, which thoroughly tied Barnard's hands, though he attempted to make Osgood's appointments effective. An appeal was taken from Clerke's order, but Judge Ingraham granted a writ restraining Osgood, pending the result. After a hearing before the General Term, Judges Barnard, Cardozo, and Ingraham sitting, the appeal was sustained, by vote of Cardozo and Barnard, the latter having in the interim appointed Peter B. Sweeny as receiver in place of Osgood.

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In the meantime, the Fisk-Gould-Drew crowd secured an act from the New Jersey Legislature legalizing their stock issues and other performances, and sought the same thing in New York. While in Albany pressing this legislation, Jay Gould was arrested on Judge Barnard's order, but gave bail and was never haled to court for his share in the lurid financing. He remained in Albany until the bill was passed amid much scandal, the Vanderbilt interests giving way.

Bewildering as all this seems, it is easily made clear. Fisk and Gould behind the scenes perceived the need of taking the judicial and legislative power away from Vanderbilt, and saw that it was exercised by William M. Tweed and Peter B. Sweeny, of the celebrated Tammany Ring, then newly risen to power. This pair had been working their "influence" for Commodore Vanderbilt. Incidentally, the Commodore himself had innocently supplied the key. In fighting Drew at Albany, Tweed spent, so he claimed, $180,000 securing Senatorial votes, and for "security" received a big block of Vanderbilt's Erie shares. This opened the way for the close connections established. In the "settlement" with Vanderbilt that preceded his withdrawal from the fight, the Commodore, who held $10,000,000 worth, sold $5,000,000 to the road itself at 70. Fisk and Gould then made a contract to buy the balance in six months, paying $1,000,000 for the "call". Through Fisk, Belden and Company, they next sold 100,000 shares "short" and broke the price from 72½ to 35, shaking out enough with the $5,000,000 in the treasury from the Vanderbilt purchases to give them control. The $34,000,000 capitalization was now increased to $54,000,000 and Vanderbilt took 40 for his remaining shares under the "call". At the Erie election held on October 13, 1868, John S. Eldridge and Daniel Drew were dropped. Jay Gould became president and James Fisk, Jr., treasurer and comptroller. William M. Tweed and Peter B. Sweeny were added to the directorate. Sweeny never qualified and always claimed to have remained true to the Vanderbilt interests.

Fisk now gave up his broker's shop in Broad Street and blossomed out in splendor. Pike's Opera House, newly built, at Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, was purchased and the Erie there installed in gorgeous offices. It had done business in shabby quarters in Jersey City. The theatre remained, elegantly

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refitted, as the Grand Opera House. The price paid for it was $840,000, — an enormous sum for the day. There being some criticism of the transaction, Fisk bought it back, repaying the road with a bundle of its own moist stock, and keeping it as a tenant at $75,000 rental per year. He imported stars from abroad and set up a seraglio. Gould kept him company, but not in dissipation. His mind was full of further schemes for "financing" Erie. Eldridge was brazenly authorizing the stock-watering. The sum so squandered was set at $5,000,000.

Joyous in triumphant rascality, Gould could now set the stage for a nation-wide calamity. President Grant had taken office on March 4, 1869, and financial questions were foremost, stimulated always by the speculation in gold as against the value of the greenback. Fisk and Gould had made no advances on Washington during the Johnson era, the stealing of the Erie not requiring national help. But they found in the gold gambling an opportunity for renewed speculation, and laid their wires to enmesh the President. On June 15, 1869, a great "Peace Jubilee" opened in Boston, in which Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore's brass band was launched as a national feature, while colossal choruses bawled songs of joy. The President was invited to attend and was cleverly routed via the Narragansett Steamship Line, leaving New York on the evening of the 14th. He was attended by Cyrus W. Field and other eminent citizens, while Gould and Fisk took pains to be in evidence.

The steamer *Providence* took the run that night, and was gorgeously decorated from stem to stern. Fisk met the presidential party at the pier in his full panopoly of an admiral's uniform, loaded with gold lace. A "bridal chamber" was set apart for Grant's use and champagne flowed in rivers for the company. Dodworth's famous band tooted melodiously. It must have been bewildering to the plain little man from the army. Fisk attached himself to the presidential party during its Boston stay, listening to the anvil, cannon, and other charivari devised by the ingenious Gilmore, and was photographed with the generals and admirals therewith. Indeed, he came so near to being the whole show as to have "Jubilee Jim" added to the "Prince of Erie".

In the midst of all this flurry, neither he nor Gould forgot his purpose, which was to find out how Grant stood on the

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subject of further contracting the currency. The little they evolved was not favorable to inflation, and Gould unloaded much of his gold. From a momentary high point of 310 it had settled down to 130, with a tendency to go lower. Indeed, the period of wild speculation showed signs of ending. The temptation to make a plunge was, however, too great to be resisted and there now developed the most sensational episode of the era in an attempt on the part of Gould and Fisk to corner the supply of gold.

The Stock Exchange had a gold room in which its members executed orders for the metal, both for legitimate customers, who needed it to pay their taxes to the Federal Government, and those who speculated in its fluctuations. Gould, on behalf of his railway interests, as he always contended, undertook to execute a corner that would elevate it to 145. The cunning young financier planned his plot with exemplary care. The trip with Grant suggested the way. First he took into his confidence Abel Rathbone Corbin, who had married General Grant's sister. He was a man of sixty-seven, who had made a good deal of money out of the relationship, and was in a position to retire. Again the simple soldier was taken on an excursion, this time to Newport, on August 5, 1869, Fisk in his uniform once more playing the host with lavish perfection.

The pair found the General still impervious to inflation. He thought the gas ought to be let out some more, which by no means met with the views of the conspirators. Grant's instinct was to release the gold held in the Treasury, — some $100,000,000, — and renew its use as currency. When he made this plain on the steamer, Gould gave it as his opinion that if such a policy were carried out, it would produce great distress and "almost lead to civil war". He added that strikes would follow among workmen, factories would close and business come to a halt. "I took the ground," he said later, when Congress inquired into the matter, "that the Government ought to let gold alone, and let it find its commercial level; that as a fact it ought to facilitate an upward movement of gold in the Fall."

Fisk, in telling his part of the story, said, "We went down to supper about nine o'clock, intending while we were there, to have this thing pretty thoroughly talked up, and, if possible, to

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relieve him (Grant) of any idea of putting the price of gold down; for, if his policy was such as to allow gold to go down to 125, our transportation would have been snapped right up. We talked there, I guess, until about half past twelve. When he first began to talk I could see that he was for returning to a specie basis. I remember the remark he made, that we might as well tap the bubble at once as any other time. He entered into the conversation with a good deal of spirit, and I made up my mind that he was individually paying a good deal of attention to the finances, which he would to a certain extent control."

This peril being clear, the pair now took pains to exert pressure that would enable them to carry out their scheme, and here began making use of Corbin, in whom was planted the idea that the "business interests" of the country required an advance in the price of gold; that in order to move the Fall crops and secure a foreign market for the grain, it was requisite that the yellow metal should be put up to 145; and the greenback made that much cheaper. This inside influence was accentuated by an attempt to utilize the financial columns of the New York "Times", of which John Bigelow was then, and briefly, the editor. On August 5, 1867, Bigelow had called on the President, and the result was reflected in several editorials that purported to reveal his financial policy. Passing through New York on the 19th, Grant said nothing publicly on the subject, but the scamps used Corbin to write an article for the "Times" on "Grant's Financial Policy", which it purported to prove was to advance the price of gold. This was offered as an editorial, accepted, and put into type. Mr. Bigelow was not in the office, but the article came to his attention and he held it for the scrutiny of C. C. Norvel, the paper's financial editor. Norvel suspected something and revised the article into what he thought was nearer the real view of the Administration, in which shape it was published on August 26th.

The pressure applied through Gould influenced Grant to write Boutwell that it would not be wise to sell the gold stock in "too large amounts", such as might force down the price while crops were moving. Boutwell, absent at his Massachusetts home, received this suggestion on September 4th, and telegraphed the Treasury not to part with any more gold. Fisk and Gould were

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fully informed of this by their inside agents, and the price of gold at once began to advance. They took care of Corbin by buying $1,500,000 in his name. General Daniel Butterfield had been appointed sub-Treasurer in New York and he too was staked for a like sum, though he always insisted that it was done without his knowledge. By September 6th, the metal had risen to 137½. Gould was the chief buyer. He bought all that was offered, but was surprised at the quantity. We had not been exporting much gold and, as its value grew, Europe began to sell. This he had not anticipated. At the inquiry he swore that he had not intended to corner coin, but had to buy in order "not to show the white feather".

As a matter of fact, the "corner" was in process of creation. Gould and Fisk between them had been able to take all the gold offered, real and "phantom", as Fisk delightfully termed the short sales. They rested their faith on Corbin's assurance that the President would not order relief from the Treasury. That Corbin was selling an assurance he did not possess is rather certain. Butterfield was kept in close touch, — every fifteen minutes, — during the hectic period, so that any word from Washington could be promptly acted upon. By September 23d, Gould had bought so much gold that he was not quite sure where he stood and called in Fisk. They became uneasy over the situation and Fisk sought out Corbin at his house. Corbin, Fisk testified, told him that the President's wife had an "interest" of $500,000, that he, Corbin, held it, with $1,500,000 more, of which $500,000 was for General Horace Porter, Grant's secretary. Fisk told him bluntly that Gould was in a tight place and that all depended upon whether or not the Government would hold its gold. Corbin replied that they need not have the least fear, and was given $25,000 to transmit to Mrs. Grant as "profit".

The President and General Porter were sojourning at Washington, Pennsylvania, at the time. Gould wanted further assurance, and insisted that Corbin send a message to the President and get an answer. Gould furnished a confidential man, who journeyed to the town and presented Corbin's note to Grant. He read it and said "All right". The contents were never made known, but on the strength of this cryptic reply, the game went on. The uneasiness, however, was not allayed and Corbin was sought

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out again by Fisk. Corbin brought his wife, the President's sister, into the consultation. "I know there will be no gold sold by the Government," she said. "I am quite positive there will be no gold sold. This is a lifetime chance for us. You need have no uneasiness whatever."

This did not relieve Fisk's uneasiness, however. He knew all the real gold in New York was in their hands. What they were now buying was the "phantom gold", sold by the shorts. This could give no trouble. The fear lay in the Treasury's coming to the relief of the shorts. That Corbin was fooling them seemed possible to Fisk; Gould seems to have been full of faith. Thursday morning, September 23d, after the evening interview, they drove downtown together. "Old Corbin feels nervous about some gold," said Gould. "He wants $100,000. What do you think about it?"

The astute Fisk thought that if he wanted it for "parties in interest" he had better have it. Gould agreed and Fisk went to Smith, Gould and Martin Company and got the sum, giving it to Gould, who said he would stop on the way home that night and deliver it.

"Somehow or other," Fisk said in testifying later, "when I was not with Corbin I always felt shaky about the old rascal. I had my suspicions all the time, and yet, when he talked to me, I thought he was as innocent and guileless as a baby. But I kept my suspicions to myself."

He knew Gould was "in up to the handle", by his habit of tearing up paper into small pieces when mentally disturbed.

Friday morning, September 24th, dawned a memorable day. Gold opened at 145, but no one offered to sell. Gould and Fisk were calling the shorts, and these could not make good. The wildest excitement followed. Bid after bid was shrieked in a vain effort to meet the rise, but there was no relief. Gold rose point by point until it touched 162. Then a voice in the crowd said quietly, "One million dollars sold at 162." This was the top notch and the stopping point.

With the country in an agony of panic, a tornado of telegrams had blown in on Secretary Boutwell. He transmitted word of the situation to Grant, who was playing a quiet game of croquet with Horace Porter at Washington, Pennsylvania. He ordered

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the sale of $5,000,000 in Government gold to relieve the stress. The remedy was instantly effective. Buying bids ceased. There was a terrific rush to sell, but no one bought. Soon the retreating figures reached 135. As a chronicler of the dreadful day observed: "The gigantic gold bubble had burst, and half Wall Street was involved in ruin."

Fisk bore the brunt with his usual effrontery. He neither settled nor enforced settlement. Gould disposed of his gold. How far Corbin profited has never been revealed. "Mr. and Mrs. Corbin deceived me," Fisk testified.

"What became of the gold carried for Mrs. Grant and the other members of the President's family?" he was asked.

"Oh, that went with the rest," was the adventurer's immortal reply, "to where the woodbine twineth."

The conclusion of his examination is of interest.

"Do you know whether any money was paid to Mrs. Grant?"

"I only know what that old thief Corbin told me. Corbin was paid $25,000 for Mrs. Grant in a cheque. I have already told you all about it."

"Do you know what the letter contained which Corbin sent to the President?"

"No. There's where we made a terrible blunder. There's where we were overreached. We ought to have found out the contents of the old villain's letter. It was that which sold us body, soul, and breeches."

In this easy fashion was produced one of the most memorable monetary massacres in American history.

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MEANWHILE THERE WAS GOD

KATE MULLEN

Drawings by Muriel Hannah

DAISY PARSON'S slate. Out of the tumult of forty-odd years of living, strange that for me the current of life should have eddied briefly about such a trifle as Daisy Parson's slate. It was so clean! Daisy kept it so with a tiny square of soap and with water from a "perfumery" bottle that had a squirter on it. She would squirt the water on the slate and then soap it into a high and delightful lather and scrub it heartily with a sponge which she kept suspended by a string from the side of her desk. Then she would wipe it dry with an immaculate slate rag. Like all decent children of the eighties Daisy kept her slate-cleaning apparatus in a J. P. Coates thread box.

My slate was almost always cleaned with spit and was always greasy. Often since I have heard people say, "Just because they are poor is no excuse for their being dirty," but I know better. My slate and Daisy's were also the result of differences in temperament; Daisy's mind was also neat and her sums accurate, — mine were a mess. But I could beat her at reading; I could beat the whole school at reading "with expression". And I could beat them at writing poetry.

It is not strange that there should have been between the

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two of us some quaint alchemy of attraction. She could not afford to show her friendliness for such a social pariah as I, only surreptitiously, but when the teacher sat her in the seat with me, at least she did not have her mother write a note to the teacher to please change Daisy's seat.

It was an undercurrent of friendliness extending all through our school days that got me, one summer, my first job as a hired girl. How proud I was that day when Daisy's aunt left, having hired me for the summer vacation. I was to get a dollar a week and my board and come home at night; this was when I was eleven years old.

Daisy's aunt's house was like Daisy's slate and its accessories. I began by washing dishes, — did any hired girl or modern maid ever begin differently! "Yes ma'am," I told her, certainly I could do dishes; I began by stacking them all hugely in a pan. Which was terribly wrong, — no, dishwashing in Daisy's aunt's home started out with a panful of hot, soapy water and the glasses were washed first and rinsed and dried on a dainty, linen tea towel. Then came the silver and so went the dishwashing like a ritual.

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Not even the ironing of handkerchiefs was casual in the home of Daisy's aunt; it was the way you held them under the flat-iron that made them come out square, and for the corner there was a piece of flannel kept in a certain place for just that purpose, its use being to bring out the embroidery into relief. Then they were aired and sunned and never used the same day for fear of taking cold.

Dishwashing, handkerchief-ironing, lamp-chimney cleaning, these were my first day's lesson and much beside — ah, much! I went home that night, racked, disillusioned — old. The children came to meet me and for the first time in my life my heart was not flooded with love at the sight of them, — their noses, their faces, their dresses, their grimy, bare feet! My father sitting on the cellar door smoking his evening clay pipe disgusted me; my mother, why was she not slim and prim like Daisy's aunt? There were flies in the kitchen.

After I had eaten heartily I felt more lenient. How they laughed because I came home hungry. "What's the matter, didn't those tony folks feed you anything?" my father teased.

It was to be a hideous summer. Not just the blundering through the neat, tight days nor the impotent homecoming at night; the summer was not only to be an ache, — it was to be a hard, sharp pain.

It happened out of Daisy's aunt's kitchen window which looked upon the Eliot's croquet court next door. At first this seemed a happy circumstance, to stand at the window and watch the Eliot's city niece, a girl of my own age, playing there with Daisy Parsons and other town girls. So I watched them eagerly from the discreet blinds, conscious that they could see me — outcast. Here I could hate and envy and admire and air-castle in privacy and watch and listen; their pretty, summer clothes, their polite talk, the click of the ball, — it was not bad.

Until that day! I can even remember what I was doing when the blow came. My middle-day dinner dishes were done and I had been set to ripping a pair of pants that were to be made over for a missionary's boy. I was sitting there in the cool, clean kitchen, not unhappy for I had my dreams, — when across the lawn came the Eliot's city niece, dressed in particularly smart clothes and with her was — Ray Baxter!

Never before have I told it to a living soul, how I loved Ray

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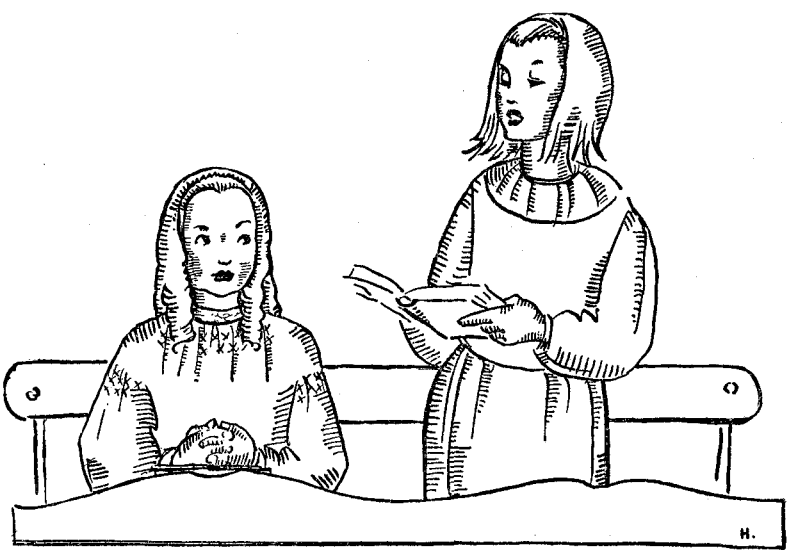
Baxter. Unknown to everybody but myself he was my sacred — mash. My happy rival at school in composition writing and we both wrote poetry; between us was an irresistible congeniality. By many cherished signs I knew that he also loved me and some day would dare to show his love before them all. Then immediately after that my rich, rich dream-aunt would come abruptly and claim me — heiress! Then I would meet Ray Baxter and I would be dressed in a light blue silk dress and he would exclaim with expression, "Darling, how beautiful you look; like Lady Clara Vere de Vere and her lily-white doe!" and kiss me. And I would kiss him.

Instead — this from Daisy's aunt's kitchen window. It was a cruel ordeal, day after day, for he became her steady mash. I suffered as only children know how to suffer. I had lost my own true love and would never have another!

The rest of the summer went appropriately. Most of the time I was physically hungry, for I was a healthy, proletarian child while this was the home of thin, adult Yankees with frugal habits and slim appetites. I was apportioned thin slices of bread when I could have gobbled the whole loaf and spoonsful of apple-sauce when the whole dish would have been nothing. My mother was indignant because they fed me so slim, not because she was close or grasping, — I doubt if poor folks ever are, — but because she



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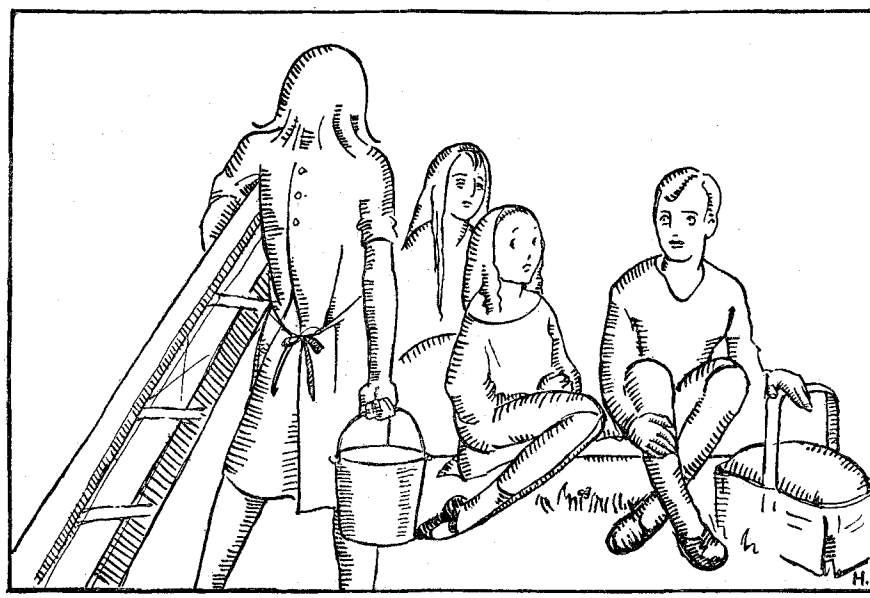
felt that I was being exploited. She would have gone down and bawled Daisy's aunt out and because I was afraid she actually would and make a scene and shame me, I stopped telling her how hungry I was and so it came that I was forced to eat clandestinely at both ends of the journey.

Another irritating note in the summer's discordance was Daisy's aunt's daughter, home for the summer and neurasthenic; we called it "sickly" then. Every time she came into the kitchen I spilled something or broke a dish or she discovered that I had left signs of egg between the tines of the breakfast forks . . . it was a wicked summer.

Meanwhile there was God. He was the only friend I had, who despised all these others and loved me and kept saying in a golden text, "Fear thou not for I am with thee; be not dismayed for I am thy God."

God and Dr. Williams who represented Him. Dr. Williams was the rector of the little Episcopal church. When Dr. Williams stood for benediction, clad whitely, and with raised hands began, "And now may the peace of God which passeth all understanding —" blind tears always filled my eyes, tears of self-pity for the most part and something else that was profound and sublime, some assurance from God Himself.



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Something that saved me from utter confusion but did not wholly sustain me. I grew more and more nervous and blundery. When Ray Baxter and the city girl were there I was desperately unhappy; when they were absent I was frantic with jealousy. It was inevitable that such a summer should come to some unhappy climax.

It began with Daisy's aunt's husband. If I have not mentioned him sooner it is typical of the impression he had not made. Although he passed through the kitchen every day on his way in and out where he changed his shoes at the very back door. For he was very neat, — neater even than Daisy's aunt. Sometimes he remarked what a fine, big girl I was for eleven years but that had never registered. He had made no impression and why he should have been introduced into my summer's tragedy on this particular morning, I don't know. It may be that the scene needed some detached and hideous prologue and so this sinister figure stalked upon the stage for a brief apology.

I was doing the breakfast dishes when he came through on his way to work. He was cashier in the little town bank. And this old, neat, dirty Yankee . . . I hate to tell it, — even now I hate to tell it, — came over to me where I stood and leaned his hideous old carcass against me and ran his hands slowly over my breast . . . I didn't know, couldn't have named it and yet it still remains one of the seared places in my memory. When he left the kitchen I wanted to die, — it was not just his act, it was the accumulation of ignominy.

Which had not reached its depth. "Would you please," Daisy's aunt had a nice way with her, "take the step ladder and go out and wipe the front windows off with a little warm water." It

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sounded nonchalant. But it was *outside*, — Ray Baxter might see me!

All summer long I had escaped, for the kitchen door was mercifully away from the croquet court. Now I thought quick; it was still early, too early for them to appear, — if I worked fast.

So I went hurrying around to the front, dragging the ladder, carrying the pail, too intent upon my errand to see what I saw before it was too late, — Ray Baxter, the city girl, and Daisy Parsons sitting on the front steps with lunch baskets, waiting for the Sunday School picnic wagon to come by and pick them up.

It took terrible courage to do it, or was it courage? Do we meet crises or do they meet us, — and force us? My cheeks throbbed with hot shame, my hands trembled at the ladder, a queer nausea almost overcame me.

Out of the chaos leap two flames of remembrance: the pained bewilderment of Ray Baxter and the kindness of Daisy Parsons. Evidently the boy had not known that I was working there, and suddenly to see me appear, covered with all my slavey cinders, actually hurt him. Through the blur I caught his look of bewilderment, embarrassment, pain. And Daisy too. Then quickly her woman's intuition, her innate mercy and her vicariousness all came to the front; in a voice sparkling with enthusiasm she proposed that it would be fun to go up the street to meet the picnic wagon. Ray Baxter assented in quick relief and the city girl just looked puzzled.

So they left me there and I actually washed those windows, — my hands did. And my body dragged itself in and washed the luncheon dishes, — why not; nothing worse could happen now. And yet this was not the end of summer.

Numbed and blind I finished the dishes and then went home, — never to go back. I sobbed until my mother got frightened. I had to tell her something so I told her about washing windows in the sight of my schoolmates. I would have died rather than tell her of my love for Ray Baxter. She was going down to give Daisy's aunt a piece of her mind but I got so hysterical at the proposal that she compromised by sending a note that I was sick and would not return, to which Daisy's aunt answered with a half dollar for the half week and an orange.

The days that followed were days of refuge and then exaltation.

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Now, my father's house was a shelter from the sight and sound of their aloofness. We were mutually outcast, my father, my mother, my brothers and sisters and I; we were a little band fortressed inside a picket fence against all society; warm impulses of love eddied about us, inclusively — clannishly. In this brief shelter happily there came no presage of that cruel sense of social stigma that I was again to battle with at the opening of school. Briefly I was sheltered and into this happy nook God came and shone upon me, — and frowned upon all the neat Yankees outside.

Then one day the end of summer came. I was walking down the street, in a triumphal procession, past "mine enemies" and past all their neat, tight houses, Daisy's aunt and all the others. I was clad in a light, blue silk dress with a train which I picked up haughtily from the dust. In one hand I clasped pink, damask roses.

The quiet, old street! Most of the houses were "salt boxes" that had stayed where they were planted away back in the seventies; all of them wore blinds. Maples and elms arched in beautiful greenery overhead; a midday towhee was singing something monotonously. If "mine enemies" peeked out, they only saw a faded, calico child with skimpy hair.

And walking so, I met Dr. Williams, God's representative. Out of church he did not wear white with a colored stole, but neat black clericals and a collar buttoned in back and glasses with a black string and carried about him some fragrance of good tobacco and rare, old books and walked with a cane,— not to lean upon,— but to beat a happy two-four time with.

And immediately I realized that he saw me as I was, light blue silk and damask roses! I saw the beauty reflected in his face, in his quick, glad surprise, and in the cavalier way that he *lifted his hat*, — no man had ever lifted his hat to me before, — and exclaimed,

"Why, how do you do, my dear!"

Like that. Not carelessly, — "hahdeedoo" nor with hyphens, but, "How do you do, my dear!"

And lifted his hat. And held it in his hand while he talked to me. This was the last day of the summer vacation.

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FORUM DEFINITION CONTEST

NOTHING is more exasperating than this explanation: "That's what I *meant.*" And the reply, "Then why didn't you say so?" Most misunderstandings are due to a misuse of terms. To dispel uncertainty and confusion, to refine the metal of important words in daily use, the FORUM inaugurated, in March, a Definition Contest. It seems appropriate that the FORUM, because of the stress it lays on controversy and perforce on clear thinking, should make a sincere and honest attempt to put the coinage of the American vocabulary on a gold rather than a nickel basis. "Americanism" and "Success" have been announced for definition. This month we are asking you to define a term whose connotation, in the judgment of some, shifts from one generation to another, yet which to others has remained the same; a term, nevertheless, which *ought* to be used with discrimination. What, in your opinion, is the precise meaning of

IMMORALITY

Any one is invited to compete in this contest. Definitions should be as brief as possible, *one hundred words* at the most. Strive for the epigrammatic, eliminating "wise-cracks". All definitions submitted must be typewritten. No copies will be returned to the sender, even though postage be included. Have your name and address on your manuscript, however, as payment will be made at the rate of five dollars for each definition selected for publication. Probably ten or fifteen will be the maximum number of definitions printed of each given term.

Definitions of "Immorality" must be in the FORUM office by midnight of June 1, 1926. If received later they cannot be considered for competition or publication in the August number. It will greatly facilitate the work of the committee if you will send them in as soon as possible. All definitions should be addressed as follows: Definition Editor, THE FORUM, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

The June number will contain a selection of definitions of "Americanism". Definitions of "Success" will be published in July.

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REVOLT AND AMERICAN LITERATURE

JOHN BOYNTON PRIESTLEY

REBELLION against the established order is commonly associated with the conception of literary genius, and as a great number of new novelists in America are distinguished chiefly for the spirit of revolt that animates their heroes, we are apt to assume that we are experiencing a great literary renaissance. An eminent English critic points out the fallacies inherent in such an assumption. It is not enough, he says, to aim at shocking Aunt Jane. That constitutes merely an attitude, — not a creative act.

THERE are many reasons why I am not a suitable person to write this (or indeed any other) article, but I can leave the discovery of such reasons to people who do not like my views. There are also some reasons why I should write such an article. Two facts at least are in my favor. The first is that I have never set foot in the United States, and therefore am not influenced by the experiences of a few weeks' unnatural life there. I am not arguing this way or that because a man in a Pullman car was rude to me or because I was flattered by five hundred prominent members of women's clubs. I am not being secretly influenced by the fact that this American writer gave me a good dinner and that American writer gave me a bad one. Thus I have at least some chance of being impartial. But such impartiality, it may be objected, is merely that of complete ignorance, which I share with, let us say, the assistant town-clerk of Barcelona or the fattest merchant in Manchuria and numerous other persons equally impartial on the subject of American literature. This brings me to the second fact in my favor, for it is not true to say that I am completely ignorant, if only because I happen to be one of those persons who are commonly supposed by American literary journalists to have no real existence; I happen to be an English critic who deliberately tries to keep himself as well-informed in contemporary American literature as he is in his own, who reads and judges American books on their own merits and does not regard them as something provincial to be greeted with a metropolitan lift of the eyebrow, who supplements such knowledge as he has by long discussions with American friends and with such frequent visitors to America as, for example, Hugh Walpole, who certainly cannot be accused of ignoring its literature. So much for my credentials, which may not be sufficiently

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imposing to justify the flood of generalizations that is to follow, but that does not matter very much, for there must always be an impudent strain in all criticism. What does matter is that the attitude of mind behind such generalizations is one of eager and friendly interest.

Here is the situation as I see it. There has been for some time now a vast stir in American literature, as if that immense pot was at last coming to the boil. A great body of clever agreeable work has been produced, and with it some work undoubtedly touched with genius; but this actual production, considerable as it is, is nothing compared with the colossal promise of this stir and heave and bubbling of the national genius. There has been nothing like it before. The comparatively short period that produced Poe, Emerson, Melville, Hawthorne, Whitman may (or may not) have been more successful in giving the literature a few outstanding personalities, but the extension and drive of the literary forces then at work are no more to be compared with those at work now than is the annual revenue of the period with last year's. Then there followed a few decades, let us say the last third of the century, during which American literature plainly sank and dwindled. This was the period when critics desperately pretended that the few second-rate men they had were really first-rate men; it might be called the Howells era. There is still, I notice, a conspiracy to pretend that its leading figure, Mark Twain, was a great genius, only prevented from becoming,—where it is admitted that he had not already become, — another Rabelais or Swift or Anatole France by certain narrowing conditions in his personal life. This legend of the gagged genius is really immensely flattering to Mark Twain, who when he had used up certain memories of his youth, in *Huckleberry Finn* and *Life on the Mississippi*, had nothing left but journalism and after-dinner speeches, some jokes and some thought that was neither original nor profound. It is interesting to speculate as to what sort of position Mark Twain would have made for himself if he had been born some forty or fifty years later.

Since that period American literature has been gaining strength, and is now, as I have said, in a ferment. At the present time it has advantages possessed by no other national literature, not the least of such advantages being, of course, the unequaled prosper-

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ity of the country itself. And undoubtedly, whatever may be said against it, it is vivid, significant, alive. But in spite of an enthusiasm and energy that perhaps no other literature of to-day can show in an equal measure, there is a strain of weakness running through contemporary American literature that is nullifying, from the point of view of actual literary achievement, this enthusiasm and energy. In short, the vast signboard has been swung into its place, the clerks and packers and van-men are all there, but so far only a few of the goods have been delivered. And this weakness is due to the dilemma in which the modern American writer finds himself, for he has to steer past what I have called, in another place, the Scylla and Charybdis of crude acceptance and crude revolt. The greater part of the more intelligent writers go hurtling round the whirlpool of crude revolt, and it is that attitude of mind which may be said to be working the mischief, bringing so much admirable effort in literature to nothing.

It is the misfortune (though it is also the glory) of the American writer that he has to interpret a country that is using every endeavor to set a heterogeneous mass of people upon one common level of culture and citizenship. A rough and ready standard has been arrived at and then imposed upon the swarming alien immigrants. With this citizen-making duty on hand, naturally the emphasis has been upon likeness and not unlikeness, upon conformity and not upon individuality. Any departure from the norm is in consequence regarded not with curiosity and sympathetic interest, but with mistrust and dislike. At its worst, this attitude of mind makes people merely anxious to be like everybody else, so that they may be said to live by wearing one another's washing. If ears and toothbrushes and clothes and houses can be standardized, so too can people, who are on their way when they are using such standardized articles. And something in the nature of the task it has set itself, something in the nation's past history, something too perhaps in the very air, seem to be developing a spirit of intolerance. "Touch this if you dare!" is the cry. And, of course, immediately they do dare. Every fiery and eager soul in the place, having examined what we might call the hundred per cent standard and rejected it, hoists the banner of revolt. Summoning before their mind's eye the image of some determined "hundred per center" with whom they have quarreled, the smug

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president of their college or a heavy uncle from Wisconsin, the young rebels pour out their millions of words of bitter derision. Because some people think Boobtown-on-the-Prairie is all right, they will prove that it is all wrong. Meanwhile, of course, the real Boobtown is as far from being expressed as ever it was. Something, no doubt, has been accomplished, but it is not the art of literature.

Do not mistake me. I have every sympathy with such rebels. To be compelled by even the lightest means to think and act just like every bond salesman and soap drummer in the place is plainly intolerable. Sometimes by mistake I have wandered into the company of stupid and complacent people who all thought alike and regarded a new idea, or indeed any idea, with horror; and the inevitable effect has been to make me bring out the most monstrous notions, to put in a good word for infant exposure or cannibalism. This is the old trick of ragging the Philistines, and it is very good fun but it does not go far in literature. The desire to shock your Aunt Jane and thereby pay off old scores will not produce a masterpiece. And this ragging, this assault upon Aunt Jane's complacency, may be discovered under various thin disguises on a vast scale in contemporary American letters. There are whole schools of so-called poets who have not really departed from conventional forms of verse because they have tried them and found them inadequate, who do not really believe in their hearts that their shrill little squeals and cat-calls are somehow expressing their vision of life, but who are simply inspired by the determination to write verse as unlike that of Longfellow as possible. A great deal of what we might call Greenwich Villagery in art depends for its effect upon being supported by a full chorus of startled Philistines. Robbed of that support, it is plainly seen for what it is, a rather futile drawing-room trick. Those who practise it can boil their little pots only with the heat of other people's disapproval.

Thus everywhere we see persons, not all of them young, whose rebellion takes the form of standing Aunt Jane on her head. In their slap-dash revolt, they do not try to discover some way of thinking and feeling for themselves, do not approach life and art quietly and sincerely, but content themselves with turning the common standard upside down. Because some great books, —

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whatever the Puritans may say, — happen to be scandalous, and even somewhat obscene, they therefore imagine that every book that is scandalous and obscene is a masterpiece. They are actually no nearer to knowing what a masterpiece is than the common herd they despise. A great deal of the so-called Higher Culture (which G. K. Chesterton once defined as "thinking the smallest poet in Belgium greater than the greatest poet of England") in America consists, I suspect, of this mere contrariness. This explains why certain American publishers, who appeal to what they are pleased to call the intelligentsia, produce such astounding series of "The World's Great Books", in which a mass of third-rate stuff, such as Wilde's most florid vulgarities, is given a prominent place. Everything that proves to be startling and objectionable to the common standard of taste must be good. Thus such persons have not really made any new advance beyond that standard; they have not considered life and art afresh for themselves, but have found it easier simply to reverse the familiar judgments.

Traces of this attitude of mind are not difficult to find in contemporary American criticism. You can hardly see the critical arena for dust, for the party of tradition and convention are flourishing their batons and the party of revolt are banging with their bladders. Shrewd blows are aimed and smartly parried; there is any amount of skill and endurance, and some capital fun, and a great deal of noise and dust; but it is doubtful even yet if a quiet life is not best for criticism. Meditating upon an author's personality and methods is apt to prove a dull business after such conflicts, such shouting and banging. H. L. Mencken is perhaps the best example of a critic who has been ruined by this atmosphere. There is nothing in his essays on writers he really admires to suggest that there has been lost in him a first-rate literary critic; it is doubtful if he would, under any circumstances, have proved sufficiently sensitive to literature. But his breadth of interests, his gusto, and his shrewdness (best displayed in his attacks upon the pretentious) might have made him a social philosopher and critic of some permanent value. What has happened, however, is that for the most part he too has been content to turn the hundred per cent standard on its head, to reverse the judgments of the majority, who thus determine the course of his thought, for whatever they say he is compelled to unsay for them. Instead of devel-

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oping a philosophy, he has only adopted an attitude. And one difference between a philosophy and an attitude is that while a philosophy can be said to be strengthened by every new disciple and is capable of being extended this way and that, an attitude cannot be developed and loses force with every fresh person who adopts it.

The weakness of all this, whether it is merely impudent ragging or angry revolt, is that it really does not take one much further than the state of mind to which it is opposed. Something is accomplished, of course; the complacency of those who held the common standard to be infallible is shaken; some of the hard ground is broken up, ready for seed; there is a kind of stir of ideas. But the attitude of mind behind it all is not really very different. The mental atmosphere remains much the same. People are really moving on the same level, only they have gone from one side, as it were, to the other. Thus, for example, it is absurd to regard, let us say, poor Wilde as a monster of iniquity, but it is equally absurd to regard him as an original genius. It is preposterous to see in H. G. Wells a dangerous lunatic, but it is equally preposterous to see in him a great thinker. All such judgments, though opposed to one another, are on the same level of superficiality. The American bohemian, intellectual, rebel, is more often than not merely the small-town person he so despises attending a kind of intellectual fancy-dress ball. He has dropped one set of superficial ready-made opinions only to take up another set of superficial ready-made opinions. In novel after novel you are shown some small town or rural community in which one or two heroic persons are compelled to suffer because they read the works of Bernard Shaw or hint that there is something to be said for free love. The whole narrow-minded and intolerant community is placed in the pillory by the indignant novelists. But too often they themselves, excellent though they may be as propagandists, do not show themselves a whit less intolerant than the people they attack and despise.

No doubt a great deal can be done by writers who are in the stage of angry and crude revolt. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* once had serious political consequences, and there was a time when Upton Sinclair considerably lowered the sales of tinned meat. But for literature this attitude of mind is almost useless. Nor can you

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say, "So much the worse for literature," and thus summarily dismiss so detached an art from a world that is in such urgent need of reform. Literature is, of course, bound up with life; it is the expression of an attitude of mind, a vision of life; and what is not good for one will in all probability be not good for the other. If the prevailing attitude of mind had been such as would make both the creation and even the appreciation of great literature possible, there would never have been any necessity for protest and rebellion. And the nearer the thing is to great literature, the more successful it will be, in the long run, even as a protest. The little angry book secretly flatters that which it denounces by imitating it, keeping, as it were, in the same atmosphere; but the great book, with its wide charity, moves forward into another and finer atmosphere altogether. Thus at one bound it has made a definite break and a definite advance. But so far we have not considered very closely the actual creation of literature. We are now left with the task of discovering why this prevailing mood, this attitude of crude and angry revolt, influencing so many American writers, particularly novelists, should be a hindrance and not a help.

It is frequently assumed that revolt of any kind is favorable to the arts, and particularly to the art of literature. You will find the theory supporting, not too securely, masses of fine writing in more than one volume. This "challenging spirit", this "sudden uprush" of this and that and the other was accompanied by the swift creation of scores of masterpieces. So runs the legend. But the facts tell another story. Revolution has its triumphs but they are certainly not artistic ones. How could they be, when there are so many other things, and far more exciting things, to do, when there are mobs to lead, Bastilles to be stormed, red flags to be waved, rights of man to be proclaimed, universal brotherhood to be ushered in, if necessary at the point of the bayonet? How can books of any consequence, which demand patience and quiet nights, be conceived and written in such an atmosphere? At the most you can only expect two or three songs, an ode or so, and even these are generally seen to be clap-trap once the excitement has died down. But this, it may be said, is political revolution, an affair of action, something very different from the angry mood of revolt that may inspire literary men.

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Yet how many angry rebels can you find among the masters of literature, from Shakespeare and Cervantes to Conrad and Anatole France? It is not that these great men gave their allegiance to the common thought of their time. They did not, but their attitude of mind, wise, humane, tolerant, kindly, pitiful, was as far removed as possible from that of your furious revolutionary authors. Their greatest weapon is something that the latter can not even understand, irony.

This legendary marriage of the revolutionary spirit with literature is usually passed off under cover of one or two great names, notably Shelley, a born rebel and an astonishing poet in one skin. Yet they do not, as it were, occupy the same place in that skin. What makes Shelley so great a poet (and there are greater) is his ability to express a kind of lyric ecstasy, something that anybody who knows what delirious happiness is can enjoy with him. There is probably nobody now living more likely to detest every conviction of Shelley's than Professor George Saintsbury, who is a Tory in grain, and yet hardly anybody now living has praised the poet with more fervor. What Shelley celebrates is a vague but ecstatic millennium, and everybody, even the crustiest Tory, can enjoy a millennium, which is indeed precisely what persons of every party and conviction affirm they are helping to bring about. And when Shelley is the revolutionary and not merely the bard of a vague millennium, when he is angrily fastening upon this and that, he is at his very weakest, producing verses that even his most revolutionary admirers are not sorry to forget. There was in him a pure lyrical genius (which means a man so emotional, so rapt, and so blessed with words that he could not help making a song about everything), and a rather priggish, shallow doctrinaire. People are at liberty to admire both if they wish, but they might remember that if it had not been for the former, the latter would never have been heard of, would have gone the way of half a hundred more, including Godwin, from whom Shelley took most of his ideas.

The whole revolutionary spirit is present in an individual or a community in order that something may be done, something very drastic and probably very difficult. Its ultimate aim is action. Its very defects, its intolerance, its refusal to see any but one point of view, its indifference to what it considers to be

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minor claims, when once viewed in the light of this ultimate aim, are obvious advantages. They enable men to achieve the impossible, to fling away all prudent considerations, to tear down fortresses with their bare hands. You can see this mood of revolt, with its sharply narrowed sympathies, shaped like a spear-head. Aided by it, so many boys and girls, now turned novelists, have been able to take action, have been spurred on to make the grand gesture and so have left the university during their second year, have quarreled magnificently and irrevocably with rich Uncle John, have quitted Rubeville forever. So far, so good. They are probably in the right, and even if they are not, that is no reason why we should not applaud their courage. But then, still with that spear-head mood at work in them, they turn to literature and, of all things, the dramatic sympathetic art of fiction, and proceed not really to create something but merely to justify their action. They are still, you may say, in battle order, keyed up to decisive action, and still worlds away from any state of mind in which literature, and particularly fiction of any value, can be created. Full tilt they ride again at the university, at Uncle John, at Rubeville, all these not something to be lovingly examined and interpreted but the plain enemy, outside all possible bounds of sympathy. Some day, when all need for justification has gone, when the spear-head mood has melted away, they may see themselves in the act of tilting, may really see Uncle John and Rubeville, may savor the whole scene, may be possessed by it, and then, if they have any command of language and it is not too late, they may really begin to create fiction.

Let us admit that there are advantages in a writer being in a state of active and even furious revolt against what he sees about him, and that these advantages are sufficiently great to make the rebel a better artist than those who complacently accept everything at its face value. He will at least be curious and eager and excited about life. He will realize that all manner of things are intensely significant. But this excitement is not really that of an artist, and this significance is not that of an aesthetic experience. Both of them really refer to something outside the matter to be presented in writing, and in the last resort it will be found that they refer to action, to something that might possibly be done

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about it all. It is the writer's views and not the intense play of his dramatic imagination that are making him excited. It is, at best, the urgency of his social criticism and not the stunning quality of life itself that is making things significant to him.

Returning to a more obvious and superficial aspect of the matter, we can point out how this mood of revolt, this taking of a side, this presenting a case, clearly limits the writer's dramatic sympathies. Too often he makes it his business to express one character, one temperament, one point of view, at the expense of a hundred others. What he shows us is not the whole queer tragi-comic tangle of character, conflict of opposing motives, welter of dream and action, but one single character, usually viewed entirely uncritically, and a harshly drawn and quite superficially examined background. Thus there is that familiar theme of Dick or Susan against the world, not, of course, the whole wide world but their own little world. In such chronicles there is little or no attempt at any kind of interpretation of the individuals who make up that world with which Dick or Susan is in conflict. They are merely men and women of straw to be knocked down every ten thousand words or so. The searchlight of the dramatic imagination is not turned upon them: they have to exist in the outer darkness. It may be said, in reply, that there is no necessity for the novelist of social revolt to deal sympathetically with such persons, who represent the traditional and conventional standpoint, the common standard, if only because they already enjoy the full support of that standard and everybody who believes in it, and are indeed rigid with self-complacency. It is the others, the rebels, the pariahs, and they alone who need sympathetic interpretation. And this is true enough if you are merely engaged in social propaganda, but the art of fiction demands something more. You are still really the dupe of that standard, which you have not left behind you but merely reversed, so that where before there was light there is now darkness, and vice versa. Dick, who was once in the dark, is now in the light, whereas all the others opposing him are now in the outer darkness. But in fiction of any importance in this year of grace, there should be no outer darkness.

Along with this narrowing of sympathies (not in the sense of "agreeing with" but merely of understanding a character, living

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with it), there goes a preoccupation with backgrounds rather than with individuals. This is a fault that runs right through American fiction, taking it as a whole, and it is plainly due not so much to the weakness of the novelists themselves as to something compelling in the American scene and background. The vast size of the country itself, the newness of everything that man has made, the increasing standardization of things, the decay of any individualistic tradition there once may have been, the national effort to impose a certain standard of thought, feeling, culture upon masses of alien peoples, these and other conditions peculiar to American life have had their effect upon American writers. The result is that most of them do not seem to put the individual first in their fiction. Other things, making up what I called "backgrounds", would appear to be more important to them, although if pressed they would probably agree that the essence of fiction is a concern for the individual soul, its vision of the world, its relations with other souls. But something is always getting in the way of the American novelist's expression of this concern. At one time, it was the regional business, the novel of "local color", which was not necessarily bad as such, but usually erred in putting a false emphasis upon the purely accidental, superficial differences between people. If a novelist thought that he had managed successfully to catch the accent of Kentucky or the manners of New England, he came to the conclusion that his labor was at an end. Local color is still being daubed on by the more commercial story-tellers, but the brighter spirits are now having their sight of the individual clouded by something else, which for want of a better name we might call social criticism, something that is apt to make their work more important as a contribution to sociology than to literature.

If the individual soul, its vision of life, its relations with other souls, is not your immediate concern; if the aesthetic view of life, the free play of the dramatic imagination, has been mastered by some other interest in your mind; if you are so perturbed or angry that you wish to make a definite contribution to social criticism; then it would at once be more honest, more sensible, more effective, to leave pure literature alone and grapple manfully with your subject in a sociological treatise. It is a paltry business treating art as if it were so much jam to be daubed

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round a pill; it is far better to dash into journalism, to produce pamphlets, to call a meeting.

Yet, setting aside all the sociological chatter, I believe that the stir and ferment in American literature, noticed in the previous literature, has for its basis something more than social indignation, has working in it the genuine artistic leaven. I believe too that it has a greater mass of what we might call the raw material of literary genius than any other contemporary national literature. Already it has produced half a dozen novelists of real eminence. Already it has produced one of the best pieces of fiction written in any country since the War, namely, Willa Cather's *A Lost Lady*. (Incidentally, I notice that one of your professors, after discussing Miss Cather's previous work in terms of "pioneering types" and the usual superficial social criticism, declares that in *A Lost Lady* "Miss Cather loses her bearings altogether". After reading that little masterpiece, I can only wish that all her fellow novelists would lose those bearings.)

Nor must anyone suppose for an instant that I mean to suggest, throughout this article, that I myself or any set of English novelists of my acquaintance would be above making such errors as I have touched on here, granted the same conditions. It is, — as I trust I have suggested throughout, — the conditions that make such mistakes so easy and escape from them so difficult. Once through this tangle of crude acceptance or crude revolt, of ragging on the one hand or hard fanatical rebellion on the other, of the over-emphasis of background and the neglect of the individual, once through this tangle, as Willa Cather, as Hergesheimer (here and there) and Sinclair Lewis (in one book), to name no others, have come through, the triumph of the American novelist is all the greater. And my excuse for indulging in this impudent orgy of good advice is not any assumption on my part of superior literary wisdom, but first, as I indicated when I began, my keen interest in the whole matter, and, second, my position as an outside spectator of the whole field, for in this affair of writing fiction, as in so many others, perhaps the onlooker still sees most of the game.

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Life in the French Alps

Four Drawings
by
Thornton Oakley

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A Daughter of the Soil

Saint-Colomban-des-Villards

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Above anemone-spangled pastures towers the Glacier de l'Homme

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In the Valley of Chamonix
• The Village of Le Tour •

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White Caps at the Fountain
Puy-Saint-André

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POETRY
EDITED BY WALTER S. HINCHMAN

THE CURTAIN FALLS

THE play is ended, and the closing bars
Of music cut like scimitars
Between our passionate yesterdays and now.
Turn then and touch me in the surging crowd,
And speak aloud
Of little intimate, tender things,
Lest mocking horror clings
Too long in coiling shadows on your brow.

Shall we not pass beyond these empty walls,
After the curtain falls,
Into the street; vibrant with feet of men
Who move and breathe again,
And carry burdens like an accolade?
Was all this mimic tragedy portrayed
In utter awfulness, that we might bear
Again to meet
These lesser sorrows of the street?

So — viewing sin, your eyes will wear
The light of terrible pity, and a gleam
Out of an intimate dream;
Out of a life we chanced to know
A year or twenty centuries ago.

Oh, you will smile then, and will dare to say,
Remembering the drama of to-day:
"The play is ended; was it *all* a play?"

— *Mary Brent Whiteside*

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FIRES

WE shall guard their burning
In a sacred name, —
Life, that is a fire;
Love that is a flame.

Watchfully, unwearied,
We must heap the coal,
Burning blue and crimson,
That will warm the soul.

If one slept, and dreaming,
Suddenly awoke,
All of life were ashes,
All of love were smoke.

— *Mary Brent Whiteside*

OF HELEN, HOMESICK

THERE must have been still nights
With moonlight pouring down,
When Helen tossed and yearned
For one lost Grecian town.

Still hours there must have been
When to her listening ear
The sound of breaking surf
On Grecian shores was near.

There must have been gray dawns
Wan-faced in silvery rain,
When Helen's heart was ice
Beneath the ghost of pain.

— *R. R. Greenwood*

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TRAITOR

I HAVE loved purple lilacs
And elm trees row on row;
Square orchards set on hillsides
With level fields below.

And I have loved the silver
Of slanting rain that falls
On pastures gold with cowslips
Along their crumbling walls.

So why should I be hungry
For blue and burning skies,
For deserts and horizons
Where painted mountains rise;

For canyons shot with sunlight
Where strange suhuaras grow —
I who loved purple lilacs
And elm trees row on row?

— *Medora C. Addison*

THIS MOMENT

THIS moment is given.
Let it enfold
All that the past and future hold.
Why have we striven?
This moment's gold
Grosser treasures shall outweigh.
All the heritage of years —
All their tears and fears and cheers —
In one moment of to-day
At a focus-point converge.
Hopeful gleams and tenuous dreams,
Wherewithal the spirit teems,

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To the surface rise and surge.
Let this moment so expand
That a life-time's orb is spanned:
What in memory's depth reposes,
All that is and still may be,
This one moment now encloses --
Endless through infinity.

— *Margaret Munsterberg*

SPIRITISM

THIS pathway marked No Thoroughfare
Is obviously barred,
But vulgar people love to stare
In someone else's yard.

It is not reverent but rude
To spy beyond the bounds,
Like raw plebeians who intrude
Upon patrician grounds

And bribe the servants to undo
The door a little crack, —
A burglar's glimpse, a keyhole view,
Behind the Master's back.

A scandal, so it seems to me,
The way they force the doors
To trespass on the privacy
Of their superiors.

How much more fitting to await
The summons to attend,
Ride proudly through the open gate,
And enter as a friend.

— *Robert Hillyer*

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

THIS ITCH OF JOINING

EXACTICUS is on a crusade again. And like the good old Don Quixote that he is, he is by way of mistaking me for a windmill.

He had just commented, the other night at the Club, on the stand taken by a Congressman against the Prohibition Amendment, — a "trifle belated," he had called it.

"Still," I put in (you don't *reply* to Exacticus; you put in when, as, and if you can) — "still, it looks as if the cry so recently popular, 'Can't somebody pass a law,' were coming into disfavor. A good many people, articulate in legislatures and other public places —"

"Yes, I know what you are going to say," he cried; "they justify a pleasing suspicion that they are beginning to doubt the efficacy of statutes and codes. Among the more humorous aspects may be noted the discovery, also belated, of the Episcopal Temperance Society. With great perspicacity they now find that Prohibition, instead of helping, is actually hindering their efforts. They were making great strides, they say, till the Anti-Saloon League substituted legal compulsion for moral education. Ye Gods, what a spectacle for foreigners. Have mercy on us, 'Punch'! It is really a very sad spectacle, this belated discovery of things history has been repeating for centuries, — though one begins to understand, through it, what the subtle critics mean when they say that humor is akin to pathos."

Exacticus always chuckles enormously over his own humor, and that is your chance to "put in". While he was recovering, I ventured: "But isn't it better late than never?"

"Well," he replied, "perhaps these awakenings, rude and belated as they are, promise something. The only trouble is that they promise the wrong thing. They attack the symptom, not the disease. And they attack only one symptom, while others flourish like the green bay tree."

"What do you mean?"

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"What do I mean! I'm surprised, sir, that you do not appreciate that beneath our panacea-legislation, our quantity production in education and ideas as well as in automobiles, our get-rich-quick, get-wise-quick, get-saved-quick schemes, — beneath them all lies our unflinching will to club together. In union strength, — wherefore combine. Many ideas added together will make a big idea, — wherefore confer. Oh, we may laugh at the Rotarians and Ku Klux people, but most of us are 'joiners' at heart. There are plenty of leagues and societies and associations in which we move and breathe and have our being. Each mail, almost, advises us of a new one to which we have been unanimously elected. Only the other day I saw a billboard with big letters stating '10,000 have joined already', — nothing more except a statement in very small letters, 'Phone or write,' and then it gave some address. Not a suggestion of what it was; just a wise reliance on the universal will to join. In business, in professions, in society, in religion, we act by groups; we even think, save the mark, by groups. Isn't it rather presumptuous of us to despise those who rotate when most of us, as a matter of fact, are rotating too? 'A good mixer,' 'man is a social being,' 'a rank outsider,' 'he doesn't belong,' 'the gang's all here,' — how familiar those magic phrases which we use as major premises in our headlong logic to justify the ways of God to clubs.

"Perhaps, sir, the most conspicuous instance of this will to join is manifest in various Protestant churches. It is especially conspicuous because it is especially illogical. One can understand the impulse of a man in a religious body which relies on central authority for its driving force if he shows a disposition to abandon himself to group solidarity, at any cost. His institution is by nature centripetal; his own thinking is centripetal; with him to live is to fly towards the centre. But the whole point of Protestantism is to rescue the individual; to drive him from the centre; to foster in him a 'God-created manhood'. Yet the plain Protestants everywhere are denying their natures; under this irresistible impulse to join, to organize, they are abandoning principles as well as prejudices for group solidarity; they are substituting social dogma for spiritual ties.

"In fact, sir, the dispassionate observer might conclude that

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joining has become the national religion as well as the national sport. It does not appear to matter much what you think, or what you have done, but rather to what you belong. What is your church? your college? your club? If you have just done something, in your small way, towards the enlightenment or entertainment of mankind, what does the public want? An account of what you have done? By no means; it wants, and gets, in the Sunday Supplement, a close-up of you rolling your eyes. Then, if you are really an important person and biographical material is added, the chief items are your church, your clubs, your hobbies; never, except by mistake, those things which might remotely suggest how you have done this thing which has made you famous. Thus 'by indirections do we find directions out'."

Here a chuckle, so I managed to put in, "Surely, you're very bitter. Why exaggerate?"

"I don't exaggerate," he replied stoutly. "You may condone all this, sir, as indicating the 'personal touch' or you may condemn it as vulgar blurb. But in either case you are superficial. You diagnose the symptom; you don't see, as you should, that the fundamental disease is this passion to join. If we are all suffering from it, of course we want to know what the *other* fellow has joined. We must appraise his work, not by its worth, but by his group. Suppose we put the past on the same basis. Think how a poor fellow like Shakespeare would figure in Everyman's *Who's What*, — no college; church membership in doubt; one rather disreputable club!"

Exacticus paused and looked me over. Then, mistaking approaching coma for acquiescence, he went on.

"The worst of it is, sir, that, eager as we are to join, fearful as we are of being branded, not unbelievers, but unbelongers, joining has really become with most of us a kind of passive submission. We do not so much join as get joined. A joiner used to mean a person who did something to wood, but now *he* is the wood."

Here an immoderate chuckle. I roused myself to comment. "Surely," I said, "if your diagnosis is right, if we are possessed by the will to join, the thing to do is to turn it to good purposes. Why condemn it? You reformers are always finding fault. You

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fight the stream when you ought to lead it into new channels."

Exacticus snorted. "What —

'Send the drain into the fountain, lest
the stream should issue pure'?

That's just what we're doing every day. New leagues, new cliques, — always the gang, never the individual. No, sir, we've got to learn life all over again; we've got to realize that though a man may ride into office if he 'belongs', he can't ride into heaven in that way. Why, one of your FORUM poets said it the other day —

'While you and I must seek alone
The rugged path to the ancient throne.'

Or, for those who anticipate association with Lucifer, the devil's reply to Tomlinson will do —

'For the sin that ye do by two and two
ye must pay for one by one.'"

"Oh, yes," I assented, "all that's true enough, but don't you think you make too much of the church phase of it?"

"Make too much! Why, sir, the Capitol is surrounded by the offices of religious organizations. They are occupied night and day, up and down the land, with questions of licensing, divorce, prohibition, Sunday pastimes, Fundamentalism, and Evolution, — with what that true Protestant, L. P. Jacks, calls 'carnal logic'. If I am not mistaken we shall have a new Protestantism before long, — a Protestantism that will have nothing to do with social dogma or with 'carnal logic'."

"Well," I put in, "even if I do consider you both violent and bitter, I must confess you are very likely right."

"Bitter?" he roared. "Of course I'm bitter! . . . Right? Of course I'm right!"

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Vertical Castes

"What, after all, is the matter with castes?" asked the Pedestrian in "Footpath and Highway" for April. "Purely the foolish notion that they are horizontal. Your caste, if you would only believe in it, is vertical, or may be, with the sky the limit." Some interesting reactions to the idea:

Editor of THE FORUM:

I find myself in the fullest agreement with the Pedestrian in his conclusions as to the possibility of a true "vertical" caste system as opposed to the "horizontal" scheme of post-Mediaeval times. This "vertical" system was one of the salient marks of the Mediaeval synthesis. There and then the whole economic and industrial scheme, working through the guild system, created a noble pride in emulation and achievement, but this was almost exclusively within the lines of a normal development, that is to say, the stone masons, for example, were proud of the fact, and worked enthusiastically and contentedly toward becoming better stone masons, and then the best, rather than aiming at transferring themselves to some other theoretically higher social plane.

The Pedestrian is wholly right, and it may be that in his vision lies the solution of our manifold social, industrial, and economic problems.

RALPH ADAMS CRAM.

Boston, Mass.

Editor of THE FORUM:

If we can only induce people not to try to be something else, but to try to be better in the class of life to which they belong and in the occupation or vocation which they have adopted, it will be far better for American society. This is what the Pedestrian suggests when he recommends a vertical instead of a horizontal caste, and I wish all Americans might take his lesson to heart.

SELDEN PEABODY DELANY.

New York.

Editor of THE FORUM:

To me the vertical caste idea is appealing only to a rather limited degree. To be sure, the system and scheme of life implied in such a régime or ideal ruled in the Middle Ages and reached its most highly organized expression in the guilds. On the other hand, did not the church stand in the Mediaeval mind somewhat as the college education does to a considerable portion of our people to-day? It was the great leveler, democratizer; it was open to rich and poor alike. For the poor man, the laborer, entry into the church constituted a rising. It was *sought*, not nearly so extensively as the college education is to-day, but enough to belie a notion that the horizontal-caste idea did not exist. How about commerce and trade, *nouveaux riches* and profiteer nobility? These are not new. The Renaissance extended what was already in being. In a word, I do not fully believe in vertical caste and do not believe that the Middle Ages can be looked to as a model either in fact or in principle.

FRANCIS P. MAGOUN, JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

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Editor of THE FORUM:

Suppose that in an arid spot inhabited chiefly by ants, big and little, red, black, white, and gray, all in orderly communities, a car of sugar jumps the track and lies battered and forgotten in the sage brush. What will happen to the ants? Red and gray and black, big and little, they will abandon their accustomed employments and set about harvesting the sugar. There will be combinations of diverse colors engaged in moving an extra big crumb; there will be wars, alliances, cut-throat competition, gentlemen's agreements. A Fabre, encountering ants for the first time in this environment of treasure trove, would have marvelous things to say about ant nature.

Now suppose we look at America with the orderly eyes of an ant. The carload of sugar is easily located. In the last twenty-five years an increase in capital values amounting to at least a hundred and fifty billion dollars has been dumped upon us. Some of it is in tight sacks, but most of it has been loose. And those human ants who have dropped everything in order to go after it have taken it home. Black, yellow, and gray, these human ants have trudged over stony paths crowded with others like them and have tugged the priceless grains to their holes. They have competed, formed combinations, worked, fought, hoped, despaired.

No doubt some part of the ant community goes about its accustomed way, in spite of the carload of sugar; some part of American humanity likewise, — the farmer, the artisan, the eccentric, the disillusioned. But most often with furtive looks of envy upon the lusty fellows returning home laden with the sugar. A remarkable proportion of these appear to have had "college education", that is, four years of unlearning the ways of the artisan and the farmer and of learning the ways of combination, coöperation, good fellowship, ruthlessness.

Isn't it after all a sound instinct that leads the toiler to send his son to college, in these days of treasure trove?

The time will come when the sugar will all be garnered, eaten, and forgotten. Then perhaps the habits of order will reassert themselves, among humans and ants. Black will consort with black, red with red, and each rejoice in his own kind. We may then have castes based on function, the only kind that can last, vertical castes, instead of the fluctuating groupings of predation. We shall lead happier lives, no doubt, and lives of greater dignity and worth. But this is idle speculation just now, when the mountain of sugar looms before us and we must quicken our steps if we are not to be trodden under by the throng racing to the harvest.

New York. ALVIN JOHNSON.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Of course the Middle Ages were not perfect, Mr. Cram to the contrary notwithstanding. But even if they may not be taken as a model of vertical castes in *fact*, they were more largely so in *principle* than any other period in the history of mankind. Professor Magoun, who concludes that they cannot be regarded as "a model either in fact or in principle", himself says, "To be sure the system and scheme of life implied in such a régime or ideal ruled in the Middle Ages." That sentence would appear to concede the principle if not the fact. And he concedes the fact in the case of the guilds.

As for the comparison of the Mediaeval church with the modern college, it did somewhat correspond, of course; but the analogy cannot be pushed too far. The church, for instance, provided offices in gradation *within itself;* but most college graduates go into *business*. The laborer of the Middle Ages, in other words, when he went into the church, took a step sidewise and then, once he was in that caste, rose vertically in it if he was capable; whereas the laborer to-day looks on college as a ladder to an upper, *separate* caste, where sit the enthroned gods on stock-exchange seats. The American college of the eighteenth century, when most of its graduates went into teaching or the ministry, would afford a better analogy.

The late Middle Ages, moreover, should not be confused with the thirteenth century. The great increase in time-servers, in builders of horizontal castes, towards the end of the Middle Ages was a sign of the growing dominance of the modern idea. Brother Cram would say, I think, that the defect of the Mediaeval church lay not in itself, but rather in its submission to the corrupting idea that was engendered by secular wealth and empire.

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Professor Magoun writes, "The Renaissance extended what was already in being." That's just the point: horizontal castes were not greatly in being, at least as a principle, till the threshold of the Renaissance, which *extended* them. We are the heirs of the Renaissance. Mr. Johnson's figure of the ants and sugar is effective up to a certain point, but then it turns suddenly into a boomerang. For the wealth symbolized by the sugar is not really a definite deposit, but a changing, flowing substance. It has not fallen from heaven; it exists (before the gathering stage) only by virtue of productive labor. If we bar alien labor and refuse to work ourselves, the sugar will cease to be. Also, how about Europe? Instead of letting up because the sugar is scarce, the ants there are all the busier.

Furthermore, the virtue of business, as against other activities, was not quite the issue. Assuming that it is a reasonable impulse to want to bring home the bacon, or sugar (whatever the size of the supply), my contention was that college does not equip young men for the Wall Street end of the job. Mr. Johnson seems to think that it does,—"a remarkable proportion" of successful business men "have had 'college education'." One could cite examples; one might cite also Carnegie, Ford, Rockefeller, Edison on the other side. Indeed one could support a contention that a remarkable proportion of *un*successful business men have been to college. The argument that college prepares for business success would appear to be *post hoc propter hoc*.

Mr. Johnson may be right, though; he had his tongue in his cheek when he put "college education" in quotation marks. Possibly its chief aim is to teach "the ways of combination, coöperation, good fellowship, ruthlessness." Are the colleges, like the church of the later Middle Ages, yielding to the corrupting idea engendered by secular wealth and empire? Or do poor people only think so? In either case, Brother Cram would say again, I think, "That's just the point."

THE PEDESTRIAN.

Life in Polar Seas

Editor of THE FORUM:

My interest in the food supply of the ocean has been based on three considerations: the mere delight in knowing how things actually are, the bearing of the evidence on the question of how soon mankind will have to face Malthusian world starvation, and the application of the same evidence to my particular Arctic problems.

With regard to the last: it was believed by most scientists and the entire lay public until about ten years ago that most of the Arctic Ocean and especially that section of it surrounding the North Pole and the Pole of Inaccessibility (the centre of the icy area which lies about 400 miles from the North Pole in the direction towards Alaska) was entirely devoid of animal life. If anyone wants to satisfy himself that this was the view, he should read the book *Lands of Silence*, written by Sir Clements Markham, President of the Royal Geographical Society, himself a distinguished polar explorer, the personal friend of all the eminent explorers of the time, and commonly looked upon as the leading scientific authority on all Arctic problems. The book was published in 1921 but it represents the year 1916, in which the author met an accidental death.

It is difficult for me now to say just how the view developed in my mind that "the Polar ocean without life" did not exist any more than the boiling ocean at the equator, in which practically everyone believed during the Middle Ages. But I imagine my talks with Nichols on the life of the sea had almost as much to do with it as my actual experiences during the first six years of my northern work. I think it was he who first pointed out to me that animals in the ocean are fewest at the equator and, roughly speaking, increase as you go northward and southward until you find incredible abundance around the fringes of the Antarctic continent and in the waters of the north Atlantic and the north Pacific. So far as can be judged, there are few, if any, belts of ocean richer than those that lie around the edges of the part of the Arctic sea that cannot be navigated with ships because of the floating ice,—where there are probably on the average of about five feet of ice fragments of various sizes floating on ten or twenty thousand feet of water.

In his book *The Life of Sir Leopold*

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McClintock, the same Sir Clements Markham selected that part of the Arctic Ocean called the Beaufort Sea to mention again and again specifically as being "without life". This was, therefore, a logical place in which to test our new theory that large lifeless areas in the Arctic sea do not exist. We did that by journeys between the years 1913 and 1918 when our various parties spent an aggregate of more than twelve months on the ocean far from land, living by hunting and demonstrating that seals were as plentiful in that part of the Arctic sea formerly supposed to contain no life at all as they are in the average districts inhabited by those Eskimos whose main dependence is on seals. Of course, where there are seals, there must be fish, shrimps, etc., for the seals to eat, and vegetable life for the animals to eat, — which means the same general biological condition you find in the oceans of other latitudes.

It is not yet proved, and it may not be a fact, that the amount of animal life continues, increasing all the way from the warmest equatorial belts to the presumably coldest spot in the ocean, which must lie approximately at 84 North Latitude and 160 West Longitude, — the centre of the floating ice, or the so-called Pole of Inaccessibility. But it has been demonstrated that the Polar sea, like the other seas, has more animals in some places than in others, the difference depending chiefly on local conditions and not on latitude. There is no "Lifeless Polar Sea". This fact kills a pseudo-scientific dogma that held sway over us from the Greeks down to Sir Clements Markham (the dogma that there is somewhere a northern limit beyond which animals and plants cannot go). This conception increases the area of the food-giving ocean, and must magnify correspondingly our estimate of the importance of that source of world food supply. The Fruitful Polar Sea of reality has taken the place of the Lifeless Polar Sea of ancient and recent belief. Its fruitfulness is going to help us stave off the Malthusian doom of world starvation a few years or decades longer.

VILHALJMUR STEFANSSON.

New York.

Evolution in England

Mr. Snead-Cox is a veteran British journalist, for over thirty years editor of the London "Tablet".

Editor of THE FORUM:

A few months ago England rocked with laughter at the reports of the "Monkey Trial" in Tennessee. The laughter was ill-timed. That trial has had lingering echoes in this country and raised issues which will not easily be put to rest. The whole question of the relations between Evolution and Religion has been thrust into the limelight, as never before. Nor is the interest in the questions raised confined to the general public. As a significant instance of the way in which a more thoughtful section of the community has been affected, consider the publication of *Evolution in the Light of Modern Knowledge*. This is a collective work in which twelve men of science, each writing a separate chapter, have treated the theory of Evolution in all its phases. The work was completed by a supplementary chapter in which a well-known clergyman undertook to answer the specific question, "What is the effect of the idea of Evolution on Religion?" The Reverend James Wilson, Canon of Worcester, deals with his subject with perfect frankness. He accepts the Evolution theory unreservedly and therefore feels constrained to dismiss the doctrines of the Fall and the Atonement as incredible, — and does so dismiss them. This is done deliberately, and without the least attempt on the part of the writer to minimize the effect of his words. On the contrary, he goes out of his way to remind us that John Wesley, for example, was but echoing the long-standing Christian tradition when he said that "the Fall of Man was the very foundation of Revealed Religion and that if it were taken away the Christian system is subverted".

But if the Fall and the Atonement are taken away, what room is there for the Incarnation? Canon Wilson sees there is none, and so faces what he calls the great question, "What does the Evolutionist think of Christ? Whose Son is He?" In answer we are told that Jesus Christ was the most sublime ethical teacher of his own or any time, but that he was a man, — born of a human father. This does not

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prevent Him from being "The Revelation of God in humanity, such as none other has been"; but there was no Incarnation. The writer is then at pains to explain how the Jews came to make their great mistake. He reminds us that they were familiar with the idea of spirits, and a non-natural world, and when they saw Jesus working wonders, healing men's bodies and minds, "how could his followers account for Him otherwise than as a visitor, an irruption, from the other sphere, come down from heaven to be incarnate in Man — the Son of God?" And so having, with much patience, accounted for the Incarnation, and ranked it among the great illusions of the world, the writer has felt it unnecessary to consider the case of the Resurrection, and clearly if there was no Incarnation there could be no Resurrection. So the great sequence of doctrines, the Fall, the Atonement, the Incarnation, the Resurrection, — the whole stately fabric of the Christian Faith, — lie together in the dust.

To appreciate the effect of utterances of this sort upon the public mind we must remember that the man who says these things without rebuke is still a clergyman of the established Church and is still a Canon of Worcester, — "none daring to make him afraid." And to say the truth there is no disposition to make him afriad. His opinions are those of too many of the clergy of the Church of England and have been expressed by men far higher in dignity than he. There is nothing in the situation which is immediately new; what is novel is the new awakening of the public mind to what has been going on for years. Even to a careless layman it is something of a shock to find clergymen, held in general esteem, speaking in open denial of the fundamental articles of the Christian creed, while to the tens of thousands of earnest and deeply religious men and women who are the salt of the Church of England the discovery has been as a revelation of horror.

London. JOHN G. SNEAD-COX.

Does the Pope Contribute to the Forum?

Editor of THE FORUM:

The *Forum* has been asking "What is the place of the Catholic Church in national affairs and national politics?" Catholics and non-Catholics have given partial answers, and there have been cited instances when high powers of the Church have turned directly to State legislation. I have heard a personage of equally high power remark that "the whole position of the Catholic Church may be described in a few words, — it is above and outside politics." There is a yet higher power, the Pope in Rome, to whom we may look for a reconciliation of these seemingly contradictory views. If Pope Pius XI had been cognizant of the entire dispute in the *Forum* and had he wished to answer directly the questions raised in that dispute, I believe he would not have written for you a more concise answer than he has written for his own people in the encyclical letter of December 11. It seems to me that he provides the premises for a conclusive answer to your question.

The following is a purely imaginary interview. No one has presented these questions to His Holiness and received these answers. I have propounded a series of questions and have selected sentences from the Pope's encyclical letter as answers to them:

1. *Does your Holiness, as plenipotentiary Vicar of Christ, still claim supremacy over civil government?*

Since Christ has received from the Father an absolute right over all created things, so that they all are subject to His will, they would err grievously who would take from the Christ-Man power over all temporal things.

2. *Does that premise justify a papal policy of participation or interference in government of non-Catholic or partially Catholic States such as the United States of America?*

The dominion of the Redeemer embraces all men, as was said in the words of our predecessor of lasting memory, Leo XIII, which we here make our own: "The empire of Christ extends not only over Catholic peoples and over those who, reborn in the font of baptism, belong by right to the church, even though error has driven them far and dissension has separated them from the bond of love; it embraces even those who do not enjoy the Christian faith, so that all mankind is under the power of Jesus Christ."

3. *Granted that the Church rightly in-*

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fluences so-called moral legislation for the sake of the individual, his soul and the sanctity of his home, has it a right to impose its judgment on civil society?

Nor is there any distinction made between individuals, the home, or civil society, since men are no less under the power of Christ when united in society than as single individuals.

4. *Supposing the Catholic Church to be the true Church, "the empire of Christ" on earth, are civil rulers in Catholic logic subordinate to the head of the Church, subject to the commands of the church?*

If the heads of nations wish the safety of their Governments and the growth and progress of their countries, they must not refuse to give, together with their people, public testimony of reverence and obedience to the empire of Christ.

5. *May we infer from this that a party Government such as Mussolini's can expect to remain in power with obedience encouraged by the Church if only it will acknowledge publicly the superior power of the Church?*

(No direct answer is made to this question.)

6. *On what grounds does the Church ask obedience of Princes and people?*

Just as the royal rights of our Lord render the human authority of Princes and heads of States sacred to a certain degree, so too they ennoble the duties imposed by obedience on the citizen. Impressing upon wives and servants the necessity of beholding Christ in their husbands and masters, St. Paul clearly warns them that they should not obey them as men, but because they recognize them as the heirs of Christ.

7. *Does this mean that only those who are to be recognized as "the heirs of Christ" are worthy of obedience or may expect it?*

Otherwise it would not be fitting for men redeemed by Christ to serve other men.

8. *And Your Holiness of course considers the Church and the hierarchy of the church to be the supreme "heirs of Christ"?*

(No answer).

9. *How will obedience to the "heirs of Christ" influence the affairs of the world? Would this theocratic scheme bring peace to replace the dissensions of our modern democracies?*

If Princes and legitimate rulers will be convinced that they rule not so much in their own right as through a mandate from the Divine King, it is easy to see what holy and wise use they would make of their power, and with what zeal for the common good and the dignity of their subjects they will be inflamed both in the making and the enforcing of laws. When this happens every reason for sedition is removed and order and tranquillity flourish and grow strong.

JAMES CREESE.

New York.

Who Pays for Coal Strikes?

The following letter furnishes a pointed commentary on the FORUM'S *coal debate:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

During a coal strike:

Estimated cost to miners — nearly a million.

Estimated cost to operators — several millions.

Absolute cost to public — nothing.

Digest this last item. The actual strike costs the public nothing, during the period of the strike. Every time there is a strike the owners of the property trump up the scare that the public is being victimized, that these conditions should not be permitted, and they intimate that they are looking after the interests of the dear public. How many many years have we heard this cry that the man who seeks his rights, when he touches the pocket of a large producer is straightway an anarchist. But at last it has degenerated into a cry of Wolf! Wolf! Labor to-day is no longer a weakling. Labor has brains and power and soon will have a number of representatives and senators in the Government.

After the strike:

The miners — get back all the money put out in strikes through raises in wages.

The operators — raise the price of coal, not at once, but gradually, after a campaign in the papers whereby they show that the increased cost in numerous things compel them reluctantly to take this step. None of these reasons is truthful. There is only one reason. They have paid out money for a strike, and they are going to get it back from the public with a little more for their inconveniences. What is the use of an operator arguing with a

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miner who wants ten or twenty-five per cent increase in wages? It is really nothing to the operator. He does not have to pay this raise.

If it were possible to pass a bill to protect the public, stipulating that the price of coal could not be raised, strike or no strike, I believe there would be no strikes. The operator would look out for the interests of his employees first, last, and all the time, and make them so comfortable and contented that the word "strike" would be a thing of the past.

TEST DALTON.

Indianapolis

Philosopher's Cramp

A frequent FORUM *contributor yields to a depression, momentary we trust, which moves her to the following plaint:*

I — UTOPIA

Egos, egos, everywhere,
A hundred million in the land!
"If they all were just like me
Wouldn't it be grand!"

II — ADVICE

Feed the ego,
Cram its maw;
Pat its head and
Shake its paw.

III — THE TONGUE WAGS ON

All the truths have been told
And most of the lies.
Life and print turns them cold.
All the truths have been told.
Yet ink grows no mould,
Platitude never dies.
All the truths have been told
—Most of them lies!

VIOLA PARADISE.

New York.

Cresses from the Rills

We met a man crying cresses in the street. His barrow was full: the bundles packed and displayed like bunches of violets. But the leaves when you looked into them were bruised and tattery, the stalks yellow at the base, cresses — cresses from the rills? These? People were buying them quite uncritically.

But that is not how you get cresses — by buying them.

. . . The river is in bloom: on either bank the buttercups are laid upon the bright green meadows in sheets of gold like the gold leaf a bookbinder uses, and as ready to flutter at a breath. Along the hedges, under the elms, the gold is darker; the parsley foams over it, and over the parsley pink campion streams up into the hedge. The primroses are still plentiful, but blowsy and half spent; the stichwort vanished long ago; here and there a foxglove shows. Any cresses in the ditch? The yellow iris is everywhere, but no cresses. Ah, they drained it last year. Let us turn back to the river.

The river is swathed in water ranunculus, which is a white buttercup, incredibly delicate, incredibly sturdy. It rests upon the river like a scarf; there is scarcely room for the blue and white reflections of the sky. The floods have drowned the water-cress beds at the river's edge; we must wade over to the moor-hen's clump; there, by the forget-me-nots, there's a patch of cress as big as a hearth-rug, and another further on. Taste it — sharp and bitter! No good as yet. See how bronze and tough the stalks are; they are getting ready to bloom; here are the tiny white flowers. We must wait another month; July is the time, — end of July and August, — the new cress is in perfection then. . . .

Water-cress, Lady? How much does the man want? Yes, buy it if you think so. It's very stale.

. . . But in July — will you have some cress with the eggs for supper? Then I'll put on my bathing-dress and run down and get some. But first I'll have a swim up the river between the same meadows that were so gold with buttercups and are now so white with marguerites. How odd it looks to see the field, its two feet of grass and daisies and ladies' slippers and tousled clovers towering above you. You see the sky through the stalks as you lie, chin lapped by the water, on a bed of ranunculus, green dulled stuff now the flower is over. How quaint are the under sides of marguerites, — straw bonnets with muslin brims. There's loosestrife! What an amazing purple! Better not pick it, it makes a mess in the house.

"When Ilion like a mist rose into

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towers — " towers of loosestrife against the sunset sky. But there's no cress here. How Victorian bulrushes are! There's the water wagtail! What's he doing so far away from the garden? He knows me, I believe. Lie back on the water weeds and drift down with the stream to the water-cress beds. Swift rivers with the jingle and the chuckle of their water on the gravel always bring Matthew Arnold to mind. Sometimes I think that nobody knows so much about England's looks and voice as Matthew Arnold, except Shakespeare. *The Scholar Gipsy* is England incarnate:

Children, who, early range these slopes and late
For cresses from the rills,
Have known thee eying, all an April day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine:
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,
Through the long dewy grass move slow away."

And you remember, in *Thyrsis* —

"Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening star."

Who else can so astonishingly call up the sounds and sense and colors of the land? — Tennyson? Yes, he can —

"all the land in flowery squares,
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
Smelt of the coming summer."

That, too, is pure England. But in *The Scholar Gipsy*, it's a case of "Here's the extract, flasked and fine." It is a Fairy Pari-Panon's tent, small enough to carry in the pocket; but open it, and all the English countryside unfolds like a map.

"And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green —"

And again —

"Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves —

Orchises are over, though! How deliciously cool the water is, — "rills," that's the word. Look! I never knew that before — if you sit perfectly still in water, the fish will come to find out what you are. Shoals of little fish, trout, I fancy, inch-long slivers of silver, crammed with curiosity, will come delicately nosing your bare arms and legs, bold little beggars, cautious little beggars. If you make a little cave of your fingers on the gravel, they hover at the mouth, but nothing induces them to go in: a half movement, and they vanish like a broken dream, — into the water-cress bed! There's my water-cress, rearing itself up against an islet of rushes and peppermint and forget-me-not, and lolling out on to the river. But you must not pick the rivered cress: it's scummy with the froth of the last flood. But here's an untouched field of it, upstanding, square-stalked, hollow but sappy; and the fine flat leaves have no bronze in their green. Pick a choice handful, not a stalk more than you need, pluck but don't uproot, stick a peppermint bloom, pale lavender in the middle, and then swim to the orchard bank; cress takes no hurt from water. The 'feeding kine' exhibit mild interest as you scramble out into a bunch of them. How friendly-curious birds and beasts and fishes are in summer! And so home with the sunset; the wagtail went an hour ago. Anne, here's watercress for supper; you needn't bother to wash it; I got it from my special place. . . .

Water-cress, lady? Here you are! Fresh as fresh! Up from the country this morning!

Picked yesterday, that means; clutched in uncooled palms; hygienically packed, squeezed, railwayed, marketed, and unhygienically trundled through the streets for a long hot day. Why, what weary, traveled, and experienced water-cress is this!

Yes, half a dozen bunches, please! We shall have to throw away most; but picked over and washed, we may as well have that much poetry with our leg of mutton. Pass me sixpence!

Yes, give me, co-inheritor of the kingdom of heaven but not of earth, give me, hoarse, worn, blear-eyed fellow-countryman, sixpennyworth of cresses from the rills!

CLEMENCE DANE.

London.

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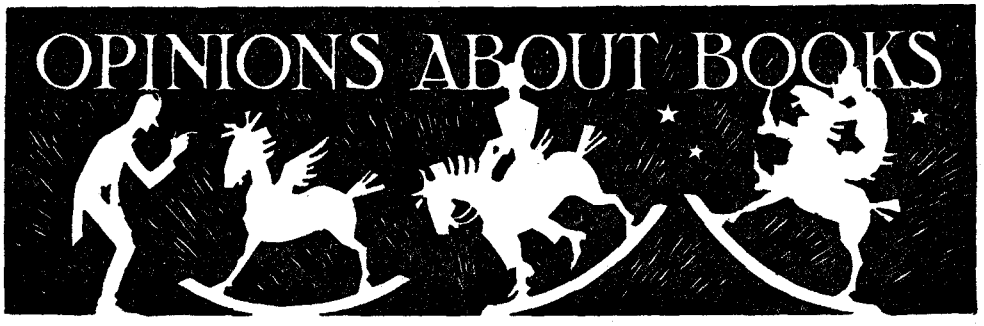

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.— *Keats*

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Christian Vitriol

On the last page of the book MEMOIRS OF LÉON DUADET, edited and translated by Arthur Kingsland Griggs (Dial Press, $5.00), the author states his religious and political creed: "Now that I have become a sincere Christian, after shuffling off the indifference of those materialistic and evolutionistic surroundings that in my youth called themselves 'scientific circles', I believe in the intercession of our dead to hasten the return of the King." Well, I agree with him that it will take a miracle to accomplish it.

Since M. Daudet regards himself as a sincere Christian, he would have to be thus classified in any religious census, but not in all religious senses! When Dryden replied to the Reverend Jeremy Collier, he said with that bonhomie which is so often more attractive than piety, "I will not say, the zeal of God's house has eaten him up; but I am sure it has devoured some part of his good manners and civility."

Léon Daudet is just the opposite of Abou-somebody-or-other; write him down as one who hates his fellow-men. Not only does he hate and despise that animal called man, but he hates with particular venom Tom, Dick, and Harry. I asked my friend Perry if he had read this book in French or in English, and he replied, "I read it in the original Billingsgate."

Daudet is not only a Christian, but a super-Christian, for he turns more cheek to his enemies than any man of our time except Poultney Bigelow. Pacifism is as abhorrent to him as democracy. Every peace-lover is a traitor. He has already fought many duels, and if his victims are as sincere Christians as he is, he will be obliged to fight many more.

There is no doubt that the average man loves to read a slashing book-review, and loves to see individuals terrifically thwacked in print, provided of course they are not members of his immediate family. Thus these *Memoirs* should fill all readers with a calm and holy joy; "at every word a reputation dies." Furthermore, the gifted diarist is even more catholic in his hates than in his religion. At the two opposite poles of modern French literature stood Catulle Mendès and Edmond Rostand. "Catulle Mendès writing about any

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sincére feeling is like nothing so much as a slimy worm crawling over a sound piece of fruit." "Our generation has known . . . that voluble and ingenious versifier, who extracts rhymes as vigorously as though he were pulling teeth, that insufferable neurasthenic, perched on the running board of Barnum's car, — you know whom I mean, Edmond Rostand."

The villain of the book, however, is Zola, and a lisping villain at that, who is mocked and burlesqued again and again. The playwright, Henry Bernstein, now the director of the Gymnase, a man whose works are exalted by the majority of critics, is "The Jewish playwright and military deserter". With Daudet "Jewish" is never a description; it is always an epithet.

The most valuable parts of this highly entertaining and piquant biography are those that deal intimately with Alphonse Daudet, Victor Hugo, Maupassant, Renan, and others. The late M. Faguet's astonishing fecundity is thus described: "Scatterbrained Faguet sprays forth streams of praise and criticism in all directions; he is like a watering-cart filled with ink and driven by a drunken peasant."

The description of the pilgrimage to Flaubert's damp abode on the banks of the Seine at Le Croisset reminds me of my own journey thither on a similar day in December, 1903. I talked with the innkeeper who knew very well the author of *Madame Bovary* and who gave me anecdotes about him while holding his photograph.

The English translator has left out five-sixths of the work, and if he has shown as much skill in what he has left out as what he has left in, he is a man of good judgment. For there is literally not an uninteresting paragraph. It is written with extraordinary vivacity, and with a talent for invective that makes the "American Mercury" sound like a set of resolutions presented to a Presbyterian minister by the Band of Hope.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Cat's Cradle

The varied and substantial canon of Maurice Baring's writings has reached the fourth volume of the handsome collected edition of his works with a new novel entitled CAT'S CRADLE (Doubleday Page, $4.00). The mere existence of this edition is a tribute not only to the author's high standing as an English gentleman of letters, but to the demand for his books in his own country. Over here his reception has not been so kind, and several prominent reviewers have gone out of their way to express their disapproval of him in terms which are in themselves a proof of their lack of the qualifications necessary either to appreciate or criticize his writings.

Poetry, novels, short stories, literary history, essays, and travel impressions indicate the wide range of his talents, and in each of these fields his work bears the imprint of his peculiar education and training. Mr. Baring entered the British diplomatic service as a young man, and when he left it to devote himself to literature he brought with him an unusual equipment as an expert linguist, a thoroughly cosmopolitan Englishman, a genuine man of the world, and a fine scholar in the non-professional sense of that word. He can turn a song from Gilbert and Sullivan into Russian or Italian, write a history of Russian literature, report his adventures in the war, and indulge in that particular form of historical pastiche which prompts such books as *Dead Letters* and *Lost Diaries*.

In fiction all the multiple interests of his diversified life have been reflected in plays, an autobiographical novel, and in short stories. His essays bear witness to the ease with which he carries his learning and the unforced pleasure he has found in every form of intellectual and artistic activity. Yet, he has been condescendingly dismissed as a provincial English bore by cocksure columnists and sophomores.

In the interesting dedication of *Cat's Cradle* to Hilaire Belloc, Mr. Baring refers to the type of person who disapproves of such work as his, and who scorns the world and the traditions it represents, in terms that might have been inspired by direct observation of certain of his reviewers. "He was an art-for-art's sake lion — a Paulopostproustian lion — a post-Freudian lion, a post-expressionist lion, a post-Pirandellian lion, a post-Dadist lion, a baroque lion, a broadbasedbellbeige-trousered, narrow-necked-rainbow-colored-jumpered lion, a post-cubistneomilanese-

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SalvatorRosaCarloDolci anti-classical yet anti-Ruskinian anti (all-except-the-early-operas) Wagnerian, neo-early-nineteenth-century, neo-romantic-quasi-relativist-pseudo-Lamartinian lion." To those whose tastes are thus indicated Mr. Baring seems "attenuated," "dilettante," and "old-fashioned".

On the other hand, the reader who can still enjoy a leisurely, quiet novel, in which there is neither violence nor vulgarity, nor even a thesis in the Galsworthian manner, will find *Cat's Cradle* a worthy companion to *C.* It is a chronicle of society in Rome and London between 1851, or thereabouts, and the eve of the World War, closing to the refrain of "Tipperary", and covering a vast span of life as we shall never know it again. Mr. Baring writes in an even conversational tone which has a distinction that saves from banality the endless series of trivial happenings which are the woof and web of human existence. His memory is long and retentive and vividly evokes the bores of a particular dinner party, the games played at a certain country house gathering, the fashionable entertainers of a given London season. He writes naturally and instinctively of the world of fashion which is usually observed — however well — from the outside.

The story itself centres about the character of Blanche Clifford, frustrated in her first love by her parents, and married brilliantly to an Italian prince, Guido Roccapalumba, madly jealous and madly in love with her. Between the son and his English-born mother she is imprisoned and crushed. After many flutterings against the invisible bars of her cage, Blanche sees a ray of freedom in her friendship with Bernard Lacy, but that friendship causes her to be driven from her husband's home. When finally freed by Guido's death, she marries Bernard, but then it is too late for her to find in him what he once believed he was, and in the end tried so hard and so honestly to be to her.

Without Freud, — of whom he has the harshest things to say, — Mr. Baring contrives to unravel a highly complicated and interesting psychological situation. It may not be psycho-analysis, but it is art.

ERNEST BOYD.

The Papers of Colonel House

THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE (Arranged by Charles Seymour. Houghton Mifflin, $10.00) forms with *The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page* and *Twenty-Five Years* by Viscount Grey of Fallodon what may be called an unconscious trilogy in which neither of the contributing authors meant to be trilogical, so to speak. Each of the latter two is important, but the book before us gives fresh interest and authority to both, and its own value is enhanced by them. The reader should be familiar with all three if he would judge correctly the actors in the mighty events they cover. Two of the authors held high official station and had leading parts in the tragedy they describe. The third was a private citizen without title or portfolio yet he took as intimate a part in the great drama as the others and one that in some respects was more extensive. Here was a man who, through sheer weight of character and ability, enjoyed the personal confidence of monarchs and ministers in alien lands and spoke with influence and at times with authority to the governing statesmen of great nations at a time when they were involved in desperate strife.

Presidents before have had close friends whose help was valued; kings and emperors have had discreet advisers; statesmen have listened to wise counsellors; but rarely, if ever, has the same man spoken intimately to the leaders of thought and action of neutral and belligerent nations in the hour of battle.

The fragmentary publication by the press of the book under review has possibly done injustice, for when taken separately there seems an atmosphere of self-consciousness which the book, read as a whole, does not convey. Indeed, if these "intimate papers" are to reach the world at all it is hard to say how they could do so with less of the personal note in view of the facts as they were. The connecting links supplied by Professor Seymour provide a narrative so abundantly documented as to give beyond question an authoritative insight into some of the world's greatest events. Over their own signatures the men who in those troublous times were the chief actors on the world's stage reveal

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their plans and purposes. In reading them one is admitted into the secret councils of the nations, and when they are supplemented by the other publications to which reference is made above they form a fabric of fact which is complete.

It would be as superficial as it is easy to say that Colonel House arrogated to himself a position of exceptional influence and that the book which tells of his work is more notable for its frankness than its modesty. The evidence of the influence which Colonel House exerted does not depend wholly or even chiefly upon his own statements but on documents not original with him which express the respect and even affection in which he was held by the men of discordant nations. He frequently disagreed with them, but their statements concerning him make, nevertheless, a united record of confidence in its way incomparable.

It may be fairly questioned whether the unique position held by Colonel House does not set a dangerous precedent. History is full of instances of unworthy favorites, of unwise or even false friends. It would hardly be safe in crises of the future to reason that because one had served wisely in official work while retaining private station, in doing responsible work without responsibility, that, therefore, others may safely do likewise. However this may be, it is the united testimony of the men with whom this quiet American gentleman came into contact that he wrought unselfishly, scrupulously, and with an insight into motives and movements that was masterly.

There were instances where his foresight failed, but there were many more in which his prescience proved prophetic.

The book does not give, it does not profess to give, a full story of the administration of President Wilson. After speaking rather incompletely of the important legislation of 1913 it branches off into the international field and thenceforth treats of nothing else. Colonel House gives small heed to the matter of domestic administration. His talents did not lie that way and he points out that the road to fame did not lie in such service as was involved in the sound management of the great government departments. In this respect his interest lay in that phase which was the more spectacular and he put too low a value upon the service which the Government does to its people. One is reminded here of a comparison recently made between two great Frenchmen, — Napoleon and Pasteur. The former has had the greater fame; the latter has done the greater service.

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD.

Confusion at the Front

Hervey Allen's TOWARD THE FLAME (Doran, $2.00) is invaluable as an honest personal reminiscence of combat in the great war written from the standpoint of an officer in a National Guard company. And it offers the amazing implication that not only the private, but also the officer had no notion of where he was at the front, what he was specifically doing there, what was on his left, his right, and sometimes what was in front of him! Civilian tacticians and former general staff officers may caw disbelievingly at this fact which flies in the teeth of theory, but they won't break down the testimony implicit in Mr. Allen's account which, the preface states, was written only a few months after the armistice, while the author was installed in a base hospital for repairs.

To a layman this may all be so much senseless pother; to the soldier it means that at the front discipline was virtually suspended, that everyone looked out for himself, and bravery and responsibility were matters for the individual, not the rank. It means that at the front the point of view of the officer was almost identical with that of the private. In an attack both were ignorant of general plans and purposes. The officer was acquainted only with the movements of his own company, or at most, his battalion. Like the lowly doughboy he went ahead until he was stopped, — and was continuously in a hopeless muddle.

For the soldier to realize now that nobody, not even his captain, knew what was afoot, where or why he was going as he pushed forward into machine gun fire that made an impassable belt of death, — well, it may give him some added shivers, even at this late date. Mr. Allen has done a convincing job in admirable and simple prose.

THOMAS BOYD.

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Sargent's Life

William Howe Downes has written an outline sketch of Sargent's life to which he has added as complete an annotated catalogue of the artist's works as possible and a bibliography. (JOHN S. SARGENT, HIS LIFE AND WORK: Little, Brown $8.00.) It is a useful book for students of Sargent's work and is eminently palatable to those who admire Sargent without reserve. Roughly, Mr. Downe's book is a series of flattering comments. He quotes enthusiastically the words of any commentator who praises Sargent, without regard to his qualifications, and dismisses those who criticize the great man impartially as nameless partisans of "modernism".

Mr. Downes writes respectfully of Sargent. He thinks of him as too holy a subject to be treated humanly. To find himself seated next to Sargent at a banquet was a privilege. It was a privilege to be received in the master's studio. In this gentlemanly and somewhat old-fashioned conception of privilege is found the key-note of this handsomely printed volume. It occurs again in such quotations as the following, typically flattering if not penetrating, comment: "His taste in reading was broad and scholarly; he was a widely cultivated man; and to those whose privilege it was to enjoy his familiar friendship, the genuineness and attractiveness of his character and personality were known."

The critic most often quoted by Mr. Downes is Mr. Royal Cortissoz, with whose verdict upon the art of Sargent Mr. Downes agrees completely; but for that matter, practically everyone who has chanted praise of Sargent is quoted approvingly by this admiring author. For Mr. Downes good critics are those who have written uncritically of Mr. Sargent; bad critics range from those who questioned his supremacy tentatively to those who denied it. The book might be described as a variation played upon the theme established by the words of Mr. Cortissoz when he wrote: "He has the masterful accent of the man born to paint portraits, born to draw from each of his sitters the one unforgettable and vital impression which is waiting for the artist."

Mr. Downes also quotes Rodin as saying of the portrait of the Misses Hunter: "There is the Van Dyck of his epoch. Sargent never did anything better than that. It is a bouquet of flowers; it is the composition of a master without effort. There is an effort, but one cannot perceive it."

A few of the portraits by Sargent were so obviously inferior that even his blindest followers recognized their shortcomings. But when Mr. Downes finds himself forced out of the general current of praise, he does not take the opportunity to question Sargent's infallibility, nor employ the occasion to bring his god nearer to the limits of human mastery. An excuse is found for the failure of his idol and an evil outside spirit receives the blame. Thus in admitting that the full length portrait of President Eliot of Harvard was not one of Sargent's master works, Mr. Downes says: "The men may, without doubt, be called two of the greatest Americans of their time. By some fatal mischance, the true causes of which we shall probably never know, they failed to get *en rapport* with each other."

As criticism, the book can be dismissed. It fails to penetrate below the surface of Sargent the man, or Sargent the artist. But it does give, in its mild and polite recital of the facts, a suggestion of the extraordinary admiration which Sargent finally won. All sorts of distinguished people, such as Henry James, were among his admirers, and various successful painters like Abbey were hypnotized by his ability. Yet analyzed with any care, the success which Sargent achieved will be found to be disproportionately worldly. He has left upon the art of his time, as distinguished from the portrait painting business which he completely dominated in Great Britain and America, practically no impression.

An army of portrait painters have imitated Sargent's facile method. None of his imitators succeeded in equaling his dexterity. In the long list of admirers that Mr. Downes quotes, the reader looks in vain for the name of any of the great painters who lived in Sargent's time. Rodin, the most famous of the artists who praised Sargent, was notoriously easy-going in handing out floridities on every occasion. Abbey certainly was not a first rate decorator. Kenyon Cox hardly counted as a painter.

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Sargent was in Paris at the time when Manet, Monet, Renoir and the other great French artists of the day were beginning to win their first small recognitions. Mary Cassatt tried to bring Sargent into the group before his painting had become definitely worldly, but Sargent preferred to go to London to win the approbation of the duchesses and the Royal Academy, and later, after the group with which Miss Cassatt was affiliated had become successful, Sargent wanted to reverse his decision. He was told curtly to return to his duchesses and the Academy.

Trained in the school of Carolus Duran and developed in the tradition of Van Dyck and the English eighteenth century portraitists, the men of his own period whom he admired included Mancini, Zuloaga, Boldini, and Helleu. And in a letter written about two years before he died his commendations of certain American painters were without discrimination. One of the last things he purchased was a painting by Boldini. Does this list of the names of some of the artists whom Sargent admired suggest a man highly cultivated in the arts?

A few of the painters who understood Sargent best and knew him most intimately during his struggles over the last Boston decorations were aware that Sargent sensed the failure of his work as a decorator. Neither his intellectual, imaginative, nor emotional equipment were equal to the task of great design without which decoration so-called does not rise above the plane of enlarged illustration. Sargent's decorations are just as suited to adorn postcards as walls.

But granted his failure as a decorator and his lack of distinction in design, he was, nevertheless, the greatest master of mundane portraiture of his time. And what a worker! Those young converts to modernity who think that they are working when they manage to produce a dozen small pictures in a year, pictures that at best are sometimes merely imitations of the work of the particular Paris modern who is the vogue for the moment, cannot fail to realize that Sargent was no pigmy with his kite tied to a cause, if they recall that since the Boston memorial exhibition of Sargent's work it has been possible to hang simultaneously the Metropolitan Museum and the Royal Academy memorial exhibitions. In the latter there are more than six hundred pictures. Sargent may have been a worldling. He was also a full-fledged man who worked like a man.

FORBES WATSON.

Chinese Fantastics

An attractive small volume with Oriental symbols as typographical decorations and with Chinese characters in the margins is the book CHINESE FANTASTICS, by Thomas Steep, (Century, $2.00), who I am told is a newspaper man once fortunate enough to be assigned to "cover" the Orient. The tone of his book is informal although not intensely personal. For the most part it escapes that reprehensible travel style which screams, "Look! look! at all the funny, funny people!" Such books in this age should be cast from the libraries of the enlightened. The mood of the author is sympathetic. Also he refrains from the popular seeking of virtues in Eastern civilizations with which to belabor the West. If inclined, the reader may read more than is actually upon the pages when the author concerns himself with foreigners in the Orient. However, he moralizes and editorializes little, which indicates great self-control.

These sketches bear the stamp, or if you are that kind of critic, the curse, of journalism. They lie somewhere between excellent newspaper features and the travel essays of which Huxley's *Along the Road* is such a choice example. The intellectual reactions of the author differ little, I believe, from those of many American travelers who will therefore find the book one of small rediscoveries. For those who have not yet made the pilgrimage it is pleasant reading, provocative of some speculation, pretending to be neither authoritative nor interpretive.

One minor reservation I have. I do wish that for purposes of emphasizing his own innocent intentions Mr. Steep had not in his introduction set up the mythical and meretricious Dr. Prodder who interpreted the Japanese after three weeks in Tokyo and planned to honor the Chinese in the same manner after ten days in Peking. This legend in all its aspects is now a very old one which perhaps had some relationship to fact — once. The anecdotes of such

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individuals are so thoroughly standardized in both foreign and native circles that one suspects their authenticity. My own opinion is that any journalist, no matter how honest and modest his intentions, merely advertises that another glass house is tenanted the moment he sets anything down about the Orient.

CAROLINE SINGER.

A Swedish Ambassadress

Back in the early 'fifties there came to my grandfather's New England homestead a demure, unassuming visitor, casually described as a "frail, middle-aged Swedish spinster." When the family had retired, soon after her arrival, one of the women of the household went in to see if the visitor had every comfort. There she sat, a stranger in a strange land, in a chair by the window, the room in darkness. When asked what she was doing, the visitor replied, "Just warming my feet in the moonlight!"

This anecdote serves, not without purpose, to introduce Fredrika Bremer, the foremost Swedish novelist of her day, whose spriteliness and naiveté blended paradoxically with a nature at once sympathetic and profound. She impressed Hawthorne as "an amiable person, worthy to be the maiden aunt of the whole human race;" Catharine Sedgwick found her "simple and sincere . . . with a mouth like Longfellow's;" Anne Lynch considered her a "salutary antidote to George Sand;" James Russell Lowell wrote after one of her visits, "Fredrika Bremer stayed three weeks with us, and I do not like her, I love her."

Miss Bremer did not cringe when the spotlight was thus thrown upon her. She looked about with placid, penetrating eyes and made some observations of her own. She pronounced Emerson a "Sphinx-like individual" and said, "he interested me without warming me;" she dismissed Henry James as "a wealthy and, it is said, a good man;" Bronson Alcott she considered "incorrigible," adding, "He drinks too much water, and brings forth merely hazy and cloudy, ideas." Of Washington Irving she said, "He is a sage without wrinkles or gray hair. He was my neighbor at table, and I did not blame him for becoming sleepy." Of Charlotte Cushman she wrote, "She possesses great energy, but is deficient in feminine grace and needs more color in her acting;" of Longfellow, "he is an agreeable host and gave us American wines, sherry, and champagne." Yet the savor and opulence of the American table did not appease Miss Bremer's appetite for intellectual food. "Is there anything in this world," she queried, "more wearisome, more dismal, more intolerable, more reckless, more sumptuous, more unbearable, anything more calculated to kill both soul and body, than a big dinner in New York?"

Miss Bremer's letters from America were immediatlly published in Sweden, and a two-volume edition, *Homes of the New World: Impressions of America* shortly appeared in America in Mary Howitt's translation. Professor Adolph B. Benson of Yale University now offers a judiciously culled selection in one volume, AMERICA OF THE FIFTIES (American-Scandinavian Foundation, $2.00).

The observations of this Swedish ambassadress were not wholly concerned, however, with personalities and questions of gastronomy. The avowed aim of her visit was to study America for the purpose of introducing social and political reforms on her return. Like Ibsen's Nora, she believed in woman's inalienable right to freedom, and was a forerunner of the distinguished group of feminists who later came from the Scandinavian countries. Her visit to America was not a matter of a few weeks or months. She stayed two years, and performed the "grand tour" of those days. From New York she went north to Boston, — "The American Athens," she called it, — and Concord, where she visited Emerson. In Wisconsin, she moved among the Scandinavians who were reclaiming a rugged wilderness. She took a steamboat down the Mississippi to New Orleans and studied conditions throughout the South. Her travels even took her to Cuba, — and later to Brooklyn.

There was variety in this tour. Miss Bremer welcomed Jenny Lind when the "Swedish nightingale" arrived in America; she "listened patiently" at a session of the Senate and discussed Clay's Compromise Bill with Daniel Webster; she went to a Quaker meeting and to a slave market in Georgia; she visited prisons and

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penitentiaries, girls' schools, factories, theatres, and private homes. All doors were opened to her and it was little wonder that Böklin said to her after her return to Sweden, "Through you America has come nearer to us than through all the steamboats and telegraphs."

Fredrika Bremer will be remembered as one of the few foreigners whose "impressions of America" are based on actual research. Her writing possesses both sincerity and literary charm and, fortunately, she came to America at a propitious time. Furthermore, she knew how to write a letter.

DALE WARREN.

A Parcel of Books

LETTERS TO A LADY IN THE COUNTRY, TOGETHER WITH HER REPLIES, edited by Stuart P. Sherman, (Scribner's, $2.00) kept me occupied for a time with fleeing from one vain boredom in New York to another in Pinkville, Kentucky, — and vainly back again. The letters are not brilliant. Had Mr. Sherman himself been the author of the letters, I should say he had been *just* clever enough. Paul is a typical "sophisticate" of *la petite patrie*, "our American provinces;" Caroline is simply female of the species. Both are otherwise quite American and ordinary, — mortals climbing for cherries aboard the moon. Bless them, they are not alone! But poor dears! Befogged by the vapors of their own theories and abstractions they get beyond their depths in apple-green sunsets. There they are. Caroline's prosy, hog-raising husband is but a landmark in Pinkville's diminishing distance.

Paul and Caroline are as interesting and as uninteresting as most of us. Perhaps that is the reason I am so confident that when I see Grant's Tomb I shall not remember Paul; and that if I ever face an apple-green sunset I shall not associate it with Caroline. But let me never forget Pinkville, lest I meet either of them in the flesh.

There can be no one but Humbert Wolfe to blame that I was not carried off and away by his UNKNOWN GODDESS (Harcourt, Brace, $1.50). He gets out of step just often enough to hold me to the hard earth of my senses. I stumble through some awkward places to reach the sparkling spots — worth it. There is bold but graceful strength in his originality, — and that originality is not all in the punctuation. Also, I hear echoes, unmistakable, of Robert Browning; echoes seem always somehow sad. Yet, for all that, *The Unknown Goddess* is worth its weight in the gay, sweet humor of "Love and Peter".

Mr. Wolfe is nicely vague. That is well, that *The Unknown Goddess* may not be too much an open book, — a state that rarely coexists with charm in books and women. Especially in poets do we look for vagueness. For, though we like to follow in the main trail of a poet's thought, we will feel free to do the willy-nilly lanes that border it. Who wants to tag at a leash? Hounds for squirrels, we may miss the subtleties of our master poet's thinking, but we shall have had fun for squirrels and business in convenient by-ways.

If he has given us a run for a rabbit, — why, it's been worth the poet's time. The reading of *The Unknown Goddess* has once been so well worth my time that it will still be worth it ten more times, — when I shall be freed by right of familiarity, or shall have become a hound of habit.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN by David Garnett (Knopf, $2.00) is a thing to read at night. You will not miss the sleep you lose, because you will not be sure that you have lost it. I went to *The Sailor's Return*, — the returned sailor's public house in Maiden Newbarrow, — immediately after dinner. Late, my family became uneasy. Later, they found me with my nose laid like a fescue at "a great drayload of barrels of all sorts and kinds of beer, twopenny, threepenny, fourpenny, not to speak of foreign wines and spirits." . . . I cannot account for my headache otherwise. It is a sailor's tale told out of a pintpot of grog. Its style is a curious mixture of the reality of a yarn and the unreality of a dream. William Targett's account of the elephant hunt in Dahomey is a capital nightmare. Tulip's extravagant tales are spun with dream-swiftness out of whole black wool. In the jerk and start of the story's movement the emotions fail to respond. Grief gets no sympathy and humor does not win a smile, — not, at any rate, from me. How I am glad that Mrs. John took the wedding-cheese back home! It is the one, little but outstanding event of real humor in the

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book. The burden of the tale lies upon the entirely stoic head of the little, black, royal Tulip. Yet, even faithful Tulip does not bear it with conviction. I found not a phrase nor a thought in *The Sailor's Return* that I should care to take home or to remember. Finally, I do not wonder that Harry did not go to visit the widowed Tulip, — nor that Tulip failed to be disappointed over his neglect.

THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR (Harper's, $2.00), winner of Harper's prize novel contest (1925) by Anne Parrish, I saved till last. It wore on its jacket a bright badge of praise. Eagerly I entered the Campion house of 1850 where "everything became covered with woolwork as things in damp countries are covered with mould, — even the bird cages dripping crochet borders." The first few chapterfuls were delicious; I relished even Mamma Campion, "heavy and soft and white, a lady made of white velvet and stuffed with down." The first sitting was a delightful and intimate visit, — with Campion souls in negligee. But the visit was prolonged; I had to *live* with the Campions. I found myself in a maze of bustles, Bavarian cream, and evening hair, — with two hundred pages yet to go.

The Perennial Bachelor is too main-street in its exhaustive cleverness, a little of which is like a pleasant salve, but *more* is like a hair shirt. It is too good; it is too true; it is more irritating than fiction. Anne Parrish's humor is a truly sparkling grace; but it requires a higher grace than humor to save the Campions. I trail the family from room to room, from day to day, watching them eat and sleep and dress. It is work to see them remodel their old clothes. I follow Lily and Maggie to the attic, — but I never get above the Campion level.

But Campions cannot endure forever. I am grateful to Anne Parrish for the heaven-sent mushrooms that take Mamma Campion away in three days. And I am relieved when May's old spinster spirit passes, — down the bathtub drain. Quirks of humor, — not only I, — cheer the Campion deaths. Only Maggie dies with the pathos of slow dignity, which softens my heart to something akin to pity toward the two of the exasperating Campions who remain, — the perennial Lily, and Victor, the insufferable skirt-hanger, — left behind to wither and mould in a modern world.

ANNE CLEELAND.

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From a drawing by Johan Bull

Short Skirts

Not many years ago ladies played croquet in fluffy frocks that came trailing across the lawn after them, and everyone agreed that this form of recreation was suitable. When they threw off voluminous draperies for tennis and football "togs" they made, literally, great strides in the realm of athletics. They seem to have made correspondingly great strides in the realm of social philosophy, — the question is, forward or backward? Do changes in fashion reflect radical changes in decorum? Our artist has pictured a valiant young woman, Helen Wills, who in a recent world championship contest displayed not only the finest sort of sportsmanship but the finest sort of modesty, whatever her grandmother might have said of her costume and that of her French rival

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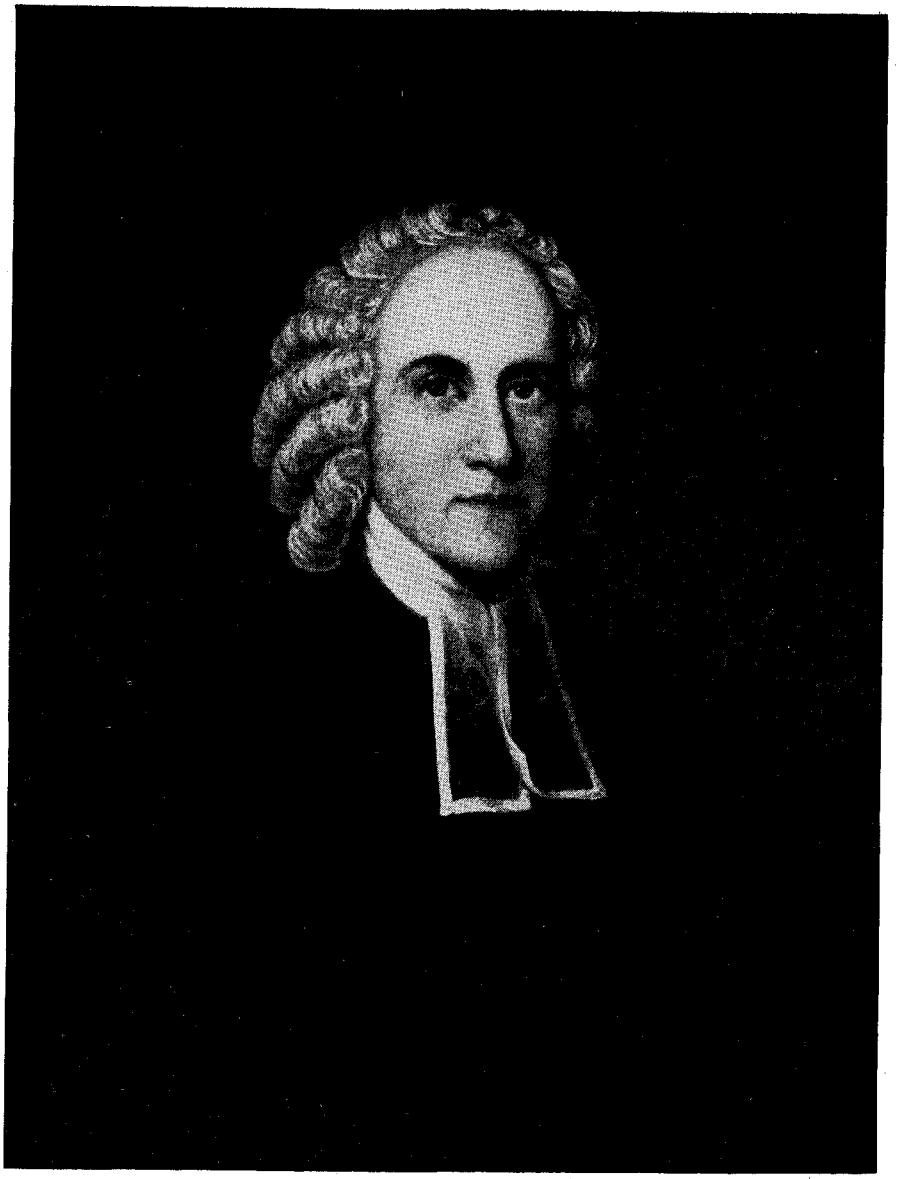

JONATHAN EDWARDS

From a portrait by Rembrandt Peale in the private gallery of Eli Whitney, Esq., at New Haven, Connecticut. The portrait of Peale is itself a copy of an original by John Smibert

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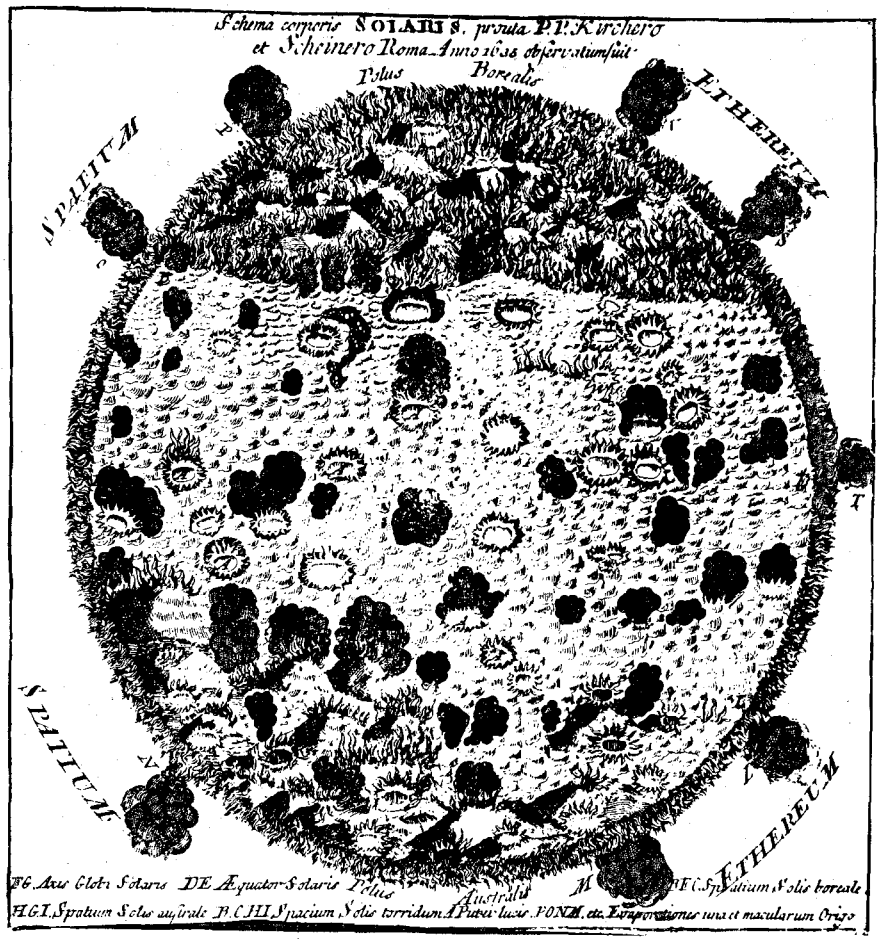

Where Some of Our Forefathers Have Gone

The original of the picture reproduced above adorned a treatise by the Rev. Tobias Swinden, an English clergyman, published in 1714, entitled "An Enquiry into the Nature and Place of Hell". The centre of the earth, Swinden felt, lacked sufficient capacity for the ever increasing number of fallen angels and refractory men. The astronomy of his day informed him that the sun consisted of mountains of burning sulphur, oceans of scalding bitumen, mighty and rapid flames, and, paradoxically, thickest night and gloomy dens. From that eternal prison, he asserted, filled with "corrupt, putrified and gangreen'd Members," there issued forth by God's command a bevy of devils who visited the earth to tempt its denizens. He was a man after Jonathan Edwards' heart

The Sun in 1714

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From a drawing by Johan Bull

Henry Fairfield Osborn

"Exhibits" relating to the ancestry of the human species have increased so rapidly in the last few years that the anthropologists are obliged to keep "up on their toes" to fit in all the puzzle pieces. Dr. Osborn in this issue interprets all the evidence to date, his most arresting conclusion being that man has for two million years or so been "ascending" quite independently of the apes

See page 848

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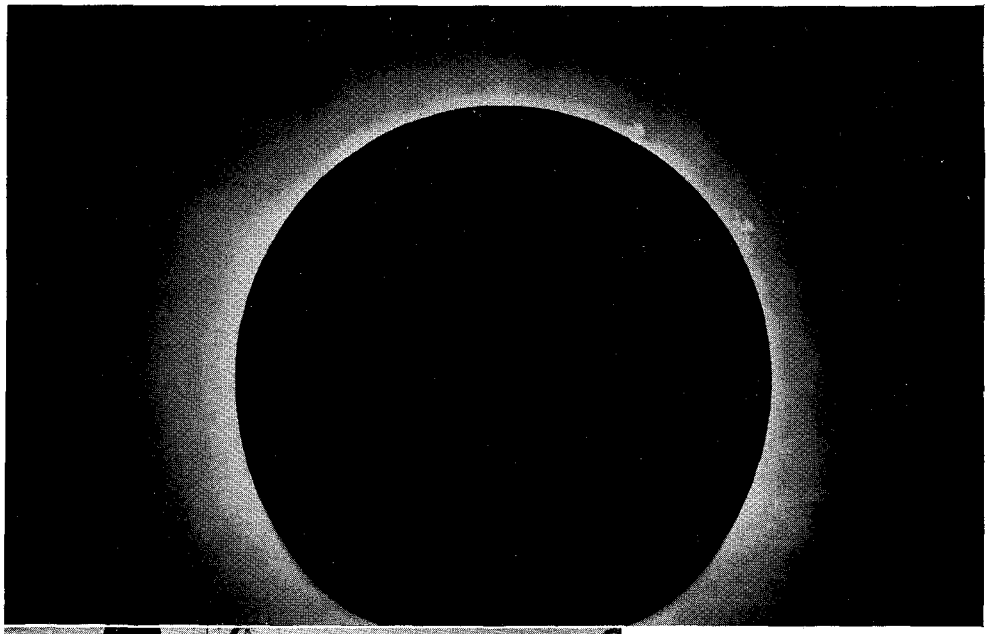
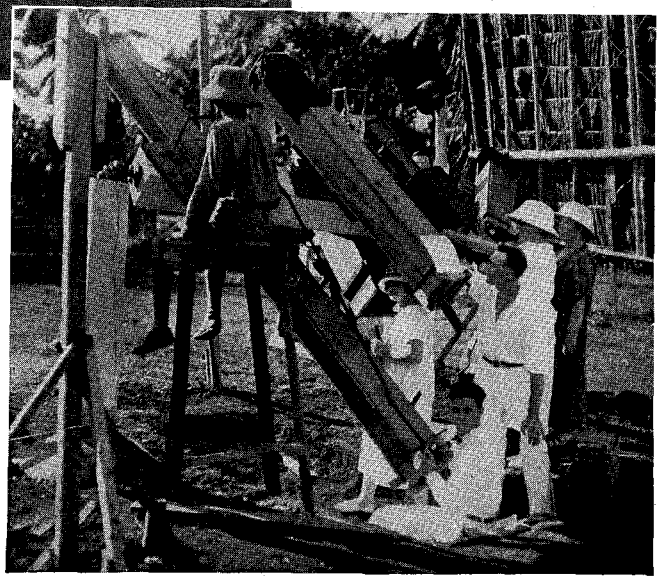


1. The northern half of the eclipsed sun, showing four prominences. This reproduction from a photograph made by the 63-foot camera on January 14, 1926, faintly indicates arches surrounding the second and third prominences, reading from left to right

2. Above. The entire installation at Benkoelen, Sumatra. From left to right, the 63-foot camera; the interferometers and spectroscopes; the Einstein cameras; the Swarthmore equipment



3. Right. Close-up of the cameras and spectroscope used by the Swarthmore College expedition

THE SUN IN 1926

See page 906
Illustrated Section XXXI

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From a drawing by Johan Bull

H. R. H. The Crown Prince of Sweden

Who, apart from his interest in the problems of government, has won distinction as scholar, athlete, military officer, and archeologist. Accompanied by the Crown Princess Louise he is making his first visit to the United States

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